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THE MODERN SPHINX,

AND

SOME OF HER RIDDLES.

BY

M. J. SAVAGE.

"Going on to Thebes, Œdipus found the city in great distress from drought and sickness, caused by the Sphinx, who, sitting on the brow of the hill over the town, uttered dark riddles, and who could not be overcome except by one who should expound them."

SIR GEORGE W. COX.

BOSTON:
GEO. H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET.
1883.

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Dedicated

TO

ISABEL C. BARROWS,

A WOMAN

Who in her own life has wrought out the solution of the riddle of the Sphinx as propounded to modern womanhood.

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PREFACE.

TIME was when the publication of a book was supposed to be a bid for a permanent place in literature. The author was looked upon as entering the "competitive examination" for a position among the immortals.

But there are at least two reasons for either of which a man may publish. He may attempt to speak to the future, giving his thought thus the hoped-for permanency of print, or he may call the power of the printing-press to his aid in his endeavor to address as large a contemporary audience as possible. Only very rarely may a modest man dare to hope that the future will remember his name. But, by serving the present to the best of his ability, he may enjoy the consciousness that he is doing his part toward making that future somewhat better than otherwise it would have been.

One more book, then, added to my already lengthened list only means that I am trying to preach what I believe to be God's gospel of help and hope for man to as large an audience as both voice and type can reach.

The following chapters are ordinary Sunday-morning sermons, phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

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THE MODERN SPHINX.

You all are familiar with the name of the sphinx, and with the picture of that stony creation, having the head and bust of a woman and the body of a lion, sitting silent, as the years go by, amid and half-buried by the sands of Egypt. But it is only within recent times that the mystery of the idea has been revealed, and people have learned to understand what it was that the creators of this strange image had in mind when it was carved from the stone. It was long held that the sphinx was an image peculiar to the thought and the history of Egypt; but it is now known that Egypt probably did not even originate the idea; for the word is an Aryan one, and belongs to that line of development that leads us through the history of Greece, and to which we ourselves belong. We find the sphinx, then, as a part of the architecture and sculpture of Greece; only the Grecian mind, being more fluent, more original, more varied in its applications of thought than the Egyptian, has given the form a wider and larger variety of expression. We find the image there always with the face and bust of the woman, but now with the body of the lion, now with that of some other animal, sometimes with the wings of the eagle, sometimes with the tail of a dragon. What does it mean? I will lead you on step by step, and try to make its significance palpable and apparent.

The first step toward an answer to the question leads us

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naturally to refer to the tragedy of *Œdipus*, with which you have become familiar during the last year, from the fact of its representation at Harvard, and more recently at one of our city theatres. The story, you know, is that the sphinx was this strange, supernatural creature sitting by the wayside, where men were compelled to pass, propounding her riddle. If the wayfarer could answer her question, he went on, crowned with success and honor, to the achievement of his purpose. If he could not answer, he was pitilessly devoured. The story goes that King Œdipus, on his way from Corinth to Thebes, finds the sphinx sitting by the wayside on a lofty rock; she propounds her riddle, and he, of all who have attempted, is able to answer correctly. The result is that the sphinx hurls herself down in rage and disappointment, and is herself destroyed.

It is also significant to notice in passing that her death was followed by a copious shower of rain. What is the meaning of this? The word "sphinx" means one that binds, one that ties up, that conceals, one that holds away from others. In order to get at the meaning of this strange word and these strange phenomena, I must let you into the secret of the attitude of the child mind of the world toward the facts and phenomena of nature.

All language, as you perhaps know, was originally figurative. Every word was a metaphor, every phrase was alive. All things that were spoken of were endowed with personality, with will, with thought, with feeling. Take our most abstract terms to-day, words that seem to you perfectly colorless, as lifeless as a fossil, and dig them out of the dictionary and trace their history, and you shall find that they are indeed fossils, the remnants of something that was once living thought. When first man attempted to talk of the world, of the sun, of rivers, waters, winds, and trees, he endowed them

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with life, he told stories about them. We find traces of this in the Bible. Do you not remember how the Psalmist speaks of the sun rising like an athlete, "coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race." So the ancients spoke of the sun as driving a chariot, like a god, across the brilliant roadway of the sky. You will see then how natural it is after people have forgotten the meaning of the terms they have used, after the race, once united, has broken up into fragments and emigrated this way and that, that they should forget entirely the figurative meaning of those words. They forget the meaning, but the story remains. They go on telling their story about the strong man rising from his bed and running a race, meaning the sun; and the sun becomes Hercules, or becomes Apollo driving a chariot across the sky. People have forgotten that this was originally the pictorial way of setting forth natural phenomena, and the story is told age after age. In this way myths arise. (No man, no people, ever invented a myth. They grow and develop as naturally as flowers in a garden.) This story of the sphinx is simply a part of this old cycle of myths that once reached clear round the globe, belting the whole sphere of human thought and human life.

Now, what does it mean? There is hardly a question that originally the sphinx was the storm-cloud in the heavens. About these clouds, they knew nothing; about the laws of the atmosphere, of evaporation, of sunshine, of air, so familiar to us, they knew nothing. These were living things to them, and so they talked about the clouds as great, dark dragons. And, when the earth was parched with drought, they told themselves of these dragons holding back the rain and carrying the waters of the sky away to their caves, and keeping these refreshing stores from vegetable life, from the parched and thirsty earth. And the sun was a hero that was a friend

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to man: he went forth in search of these storm dragons, and shot at them his arrows of bright lightnings that thrust them through, and showers came down to refresh the thirsty earth. And, when the clouds muttered in the voice of the thunder, this was the sphinx propounding her riddle in a language which men could not understand. But Œdipus was himself a sun-hero, one of the immortals, one of the inhabitants of the sky originally; and therefore he knew the language of the heavens, and could answer her riddle, and thus refresh the weary, waiting earth.

I wish to broaden this conception of the sphinx a little, and, instead of letting it represent one phase, one form of the life of the world, let it, as it may fitly, stand for nature herself,—not simply for one development of nature, but for all nature. The sphinx then becomes nature in its relation to man, smiling in the blue of the sky, smiling in the glints and glances of light upon the waters, smiling in vegetation, smiling in flowers, in all the thousandfold variety and beauty of the world. But underneath the smile are the hard facts and laws and conditions of human life, that must be met and solved,—the woman's face and the woman's smile, the ravening maw of the lion, the heavy paw tipped with its claws, relentless, inexorable, demanding that the riddle be answered, or else that the forfeit of disaster and destruction be paid.

Is it not in this attitude that we stand to all the facts, the forces, and phases of this wondrous human life of ours? And what does this mean? The sphinx is only the old mythical, poetical way in which men told themselves the same story precisely that the clear, calm voice of science is telling us to-day. The sphinx is only the old way of expressing that which Mr. Darwin calls the struggle for life, the survival of the fittest, the law of natural selection — that

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underneath the calm face and the beautiful smile nature is going inexorably forward.

You will soon have an opportunity to look upon the green, growing grasses in our parks, by the waysides, in your yards, if you are fortunate enough to have them in the suburbs, and in the country fields. Do you know that every grass-plot is a pitiless battle-field where the tiny blades by the thousand and the million are struggling with each other and struggling with the conditions that surround them for their very life? Only a certain number can live upon any particular plot of ground, and there are hundreds, therefore, that must die. There is a battle for existence in every spot on all the face of the earth. Go into your garden or your hot-house, where flowers are springing or will be soon, when the winter has passed by. Do you know that, where the rose and the pink and the different varieties of flowers are springing from the soil, this same warfare is going on,—a warfare as relentless as though the red tint of the flower were the spattering of blood? However peaceful and quiet they may seem to you, the flowers are fighting for life; so the fishes in the sea, the insects in the air,—one wide scene of battle everywhere. And do you not know how true this is in the sphere of your own practical business life? Is not this what we mean when we talk of competition, of struggle for success, each man striving with all the power of hand and brain for a footing, and to enlarge his standing-room, and to control more and more of his surroundings, and meeting antagonistic interests and struggles of a thousand others on every hand? Is it not precisely the same in your homes even? Are you not struggling to attain your ideal home; a battle where only those things that are fit can survive, where you must comply with certain conditions or certainly fail?

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Is not the scholar engaged in a struggle like this for his success? Is not the statesman engaged in a similar warfare? And not only in the case of individuals, but is it not true of churches, of clubs, of art organizations, of literary associations? Is it not true of all aggregations up to the nations of the world? Is not this perpetual struggle and strife, whether it be peaceful through diplomacy, peaceful by debates in legislative assemblies, or whether it be peacefully carried on in the brains of students in the quiet of their studies, or whether it be on battle-fields in the midst of shock of armies, and the carnage and suffering that follow,—everywhere going on?

Mr. Huxley has used a striking figure, to which, as enforcing and illustrating this idea, I wish to refer. He pictures every man as sitting at a chess-board and playing the game of life. His adversary is the unseen power that works through all the natural forces of the world.

But, as Mr. Huxley expresses it, the man plays with an adversary who takes advantage of every mistake. If he makes a false move, it cannot be taken back. He may possibly retrieve it, recover by after efforts; he may possibly turn an apparent defeat into victory; but no prayers can change a fact after it has occurred; no lamentations, no regrets, no remorse, are of avail. This world is a chain made up of cause and effect, cause and effect, cause and effect, each effect becoming a cause, making a chain of which no link ever was or ever can be broken.

Is this hard? Is it remorseless? Is it cruel? It is sometimes said to be: yet look for a moment at the results of this struggle for life and the survival of the fittest in the inanimate world, as it is called. This struggle for life means the development of the finest grasses, the development of the most beautifully tinted and most fragrant flowers. It means

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the development of the finest flavored fruits, of the noblest and most beautiful trees for shade and for ornament. Go up into the animal world, and it means the development of the swiftest stag, of the strongest lion, of the swiftest winged bird, of the most beautiful singer,— the development of the highest and finest qualities everywhere,— the fastest horse, the most rapid racer for the course. If you go up into the sphere of human life, it meant at first, in the old ages, when physical power was the most important thing in the world, the development of muscle, of brute force and rude strength. As civilization went on, there came this intangible power of thought, cunning at first, afterwards a broader and more generous intelligence, that was mightier than any brute strength, that could outwit any merely physical power. This intelligence in the hands of a weak and feeble animal — for man in the midst of the other animals of the world looked like helplessness itself; no claws, none of the natural weapons with which to battle his way — gave him power. How was it that he fought through, and survived and came out king? That throne in the brain gave him the power of controlling the natural forces of the world, and of bringing the rude brute strength of the earth to his feet.

As development went on, another change came. It is not simply thought that is master to-day. There is abroad in the atmosphere of the world, touching the individual in his home, touching nations in their dealing with nations, swaying even the sceptres of those that think themselves irresistible and irresponsible despots, a more intangible, invisible, imponderable power, mightier than the cannon, sharper than the sword. And this moral power is to-day prince and king of the world. It has survived in this struggle for life for the simple reason that it has shown itself fit and mighty.

And so these hard facts, these inexorable laws of the

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world, as we call them, have ultimated in the development, in all cases of life, from the lowest to the highest, in the finest, the sweetest, and the best; and they reach forward to finer, higher, sweeter outgrowths and blossoms still.

The point, however, that I wish to impress upon you especially this morning is the inexorableness of these conditions. This sphinx, with her problem to be solved, her riddle to be read, her condition to be met,—this sphinx sits by the side of every man's pathway, by the pathway of every woman, of every child. And none goes by except as he solves the riddle, finds the answer to the problem, complies with the condition. There is no excuse to be received. There are no exceptions to the universal rule. If a man is to enter into any particular business in this city of Boston and win his way to success and power, he must do it by finding out the conditions of that success and complying with them. There is no other way. If a man will reach the heights up which the feet of learning strive to climb, he must find out the conditions, how to unlock the gate and to open the door, that he may pass in to the attainment of those things that he desires. If a man wishes to attain the development in himself of some grand moral ideal, to make himself after a certain grand pattern that is his daylight thought and his nighttime dream, here also are the inevitable conditions. No shilly-shallying, no thoughtlessness is allowed, no playing with these inexorable forces. Only under certain conditions and after certain inexorable laws can it be attained. If a man wishes success as an artist, if he wishes to paint a grand picture or carve a noble statue, there are certain conditions of success to be met. No man ever stumbled into such success, no one ever blundered into it. Labor, patience, struggle, are implied. The conditions must be found out and met. The riddle must be answered, or that ambition of the man's life will be devoured.

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It is precisely the same when we leave the individual and take associations of men. The law holds with nations, the law holds in every department of human life; and not only of human life, but of all life, from the lowest clear up to the highest.

Men, however, talk about exceptions to such a condition as this. I have had persons consult with me within the last week or two as to the meaning of these apparent exceptions. They say there seems to be an element of luck in human life; men stumble into success who do not deserve it; men who have made no careful prolonged study of the conditions seem to make a fortunate or lucky hit, and attain the thing they desire; while, on the other hand, there are some who, with all their labor and effort, fall short and never attain.

Let me tell you what I believe to be the truth lying underneath this experience. There is a certain element in human life that is called accident, that is called luck, called so for lack of knowledge. There is no accident, there is no luck, there is no slightest infringement of the inexorable law through this whole universe. It only means this: when I have, in the case of the particular man, or particular fact, traced the causes just as far as I can go, and find that there is something beyond these that I do not understand, I simply set up a post and put a placard on it, and call it luck or accident. That is, luck is simply a name for ignorance. It is only a term to cover that which we do not know.

Let me illustrate what I mean. Take the combination lock of a great safe in a bank. It is set after a peculiar fashion, to be opened only by him who knows the combination and who has the key. There are thousands, millions, of possible kinds of locks, millions of possible kinds of keys, thousands of possible combinations; but they are limited. Now, of course it is just possible — that is, there is a chance in

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ten thousand perhaps, or in a million — that a blundering child or an ignorant burglar may have picked up just the right key and may have hit upon just the right combination, and may open the lock without the slightest idea as to how it was done, or understanding the conditions of the process. I say there is a *chance* that such a thing might occur. But here is the point, and you must mark it carefully: even if the child does not know how he did it, if the burglar does not know how he did it, nevertheless just as truly does he do it by complying with the conditions. He may have complied with the conditions ignorantly, but he complied with them. No result ever follows, unless those conditions are complied with. This is what I mean by the inexorableness of these laws and conditions of human life.

I wish, in conclusion, to outline a few of the mental and moral states that are necessary to fit a man for finding out the answer to the riddle of the sphinx, in whatever shape it may be propounded to him.

The first thing essential to meet the conditions of a true, grand life is the possession of that virtue which has been theologically abused and mystified, until one hardly knows what it means, and would be glad to find another name for it: I mean faith. The first grand essential to any noble living, thinking, acting, is faith. I do not mean by this *credulity*, the believing a certain thing because some one says it is religious and pious to do so; belief on the strength of the dictum of the priest, the church, the synod, or council. It is not the belief in something without a reason. It is the belief in something that as yet overleaps and outruns palpable perception and demonstration.

Take, for example, the poet Milton in his early youth, when he said to himself that he would write a poem that the world would not willingly let die. He proposed, in his flight,

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no middle aim, but to reach the utmost height of achievement. What was this purpose in him that braced him up and stood him in stead during his long years of waiting, and made him mighty in his blindness and in his age? It was faith in himself, the feeling as if a bird while still unhatched should have some dim consciousness or sensation of possible wings; the belief in himself of something unattainable as yet, but that was to come, something stirring uneasily and longing to be born. It was faith like that of Columbus, who could not demonstrate that there was another continent beyond the sea, but who had reason to believe it and who had faith in his power to find it.

Take the men that are searching forever for the open polar sea, or striving to reach the north pole. Who would send out to command any such expedition one who says: "It is of no use, it cannot be done. Thousands of people have failed, and there is no more use in trying further. There is no open polar sea, there is no north pole; and, if there is, there is no use in finding it"? It is the man who looks a thousand failures in the face, and says, "The thousand and first time shall be a success." It is the man who believes in himself, who believes in the universe, who believes that its powers and laws will respond to his appeal, who believes that he can carve the glorious thoughts out of the shapeless block, that he can turn the bare canvas into creations of beauty,—this is the quality that a man needs to take with him into every department of human life, in order that he may succeed. There should be in such a man's heart, though I quote that trite phrase in saying it, no knowledge of any such word as fail. There should be the spirit that Goethe had in mind when he said,—I only quote his thought,—No man can ever do much in this world who does not believe in the possibility of the impossible. This is the spirit with which a man must face the facts and problems of life, whether theoretical or practical.

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Another preparation is an intellectual one. If you are to find out the conditions of success, there must be thought, there must be careful study; because success in business, in building up a happy home, in political life, in the pursuit of science, of art, of learning,—success anywhere,—is simply a problem, just as much as a question in arithmetic or the extraction of the cube root, to be intellectually solved. There are certain things to be known about it, as to the *how;* and, because so many people do not know how, they go blundering and stumbling stupidly through life, and never succeed. This is the reason why there are young men who sit in their quiet homes or stand around street corners, while other young men get the places they desire. It is the young man who knows that in this department of business or that there is something to be thought about, something to be known, and who sets himself to do it, who succeeds in answering the riddle of the sphinx; and it is the other kind that is devoured. He who goes through life trusting that, just because one man in a million succeeds by accident, he may be that one, has a million chances to one that he will be of the other kind. What would you think of a man who, just because somebody had blundered into opening a safe without knowing the combination, should pick up the first key that he found lying around and start for his store, thinking that he might be the one who could open a lock in this way? He who begins life waiting for something to turn up, instead of setting himself to turning something up, will go through life as Micawber did, and end at last with his disaster.

First, faith; second, knowledge; third, action,—patient, persevering, relentless, tireless effort. Goethe has said again that genius is simply a capacity for hard work. That which you think is so easy when you see a skilful man performing it, you must remember is the result of laborious art.

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I once took a little boy with me to hear Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"; and, after he had watched him all the way through, he said: "That isn't acting, is it? That is just as easy as can be. I could do it myself." Yet that was the grandest praise that could be bestowed. The actor had labored so many years, elaborating every fine and perfect detail into such consummate finish that it was life on the stage, not acting at all. So, when you hear a man who can rise and speak with perfect ease and composure apparently, you may set it down that he is either supernaturally inspired or that there are years and years of toil and labor behind him. If you see a man painting a beautiful picture with perfect apparent ease, handling the brush as though he were born with it in his grasp, you may know that that means days and years of unremitting toil. And, when you see a person who fingers the piano keys till you would say the instrument plays itself, you may know that that means laborious, year-long, patient practice of what to the man as he practised it was sheer drudgery.

So, if there is any young man in this house who expects without faith, without thought, and without study, without patient, persevering labor, in the midst of and in spite of the discouragement, to attain anything in this world that is worth attaining, he will simply wake up by and by, and find that he has been playing the part of a fool.

Remember then that the sphinx is beside every pathway, and she will ask her riddle: if you can answer it, honor and success are yours; if you cannot, expect nothing but disaster and failure.

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THE CHIEF END OF MAN.

LAST Sunday morning, I tried to picture to you the sphinx, smiling, inexorable nature, sitting beside every human pathway and propounding her riddle, the answering of which was the condition of all human advance toward whatever object it was sought to attain. I insisted upon the inexorableness of this condition. I insisted upon the fact that every man for himself or some one for him must pay the price of whatever is gained in human life. But, before we go on in any farther discussion of this question of human advance, it is needful that we should have in our minds some clear conception of that toward which we ought to progress. Before I can adequately and intelligently discuss the practical problems of human life, I must have set up a standard by which they can be measured. For business ambition, social station, artistic tastes, scientific pursuit,— these are not ends in themselves. They are not good in themselves: they are not bad in themselves. They are what they are simply as they are related to something else which is of more importance than they.

The thing we want then to fix in our minds this morning, and this is the only purpose I have in view, is the something else, the object, the legitimate, rational object, of all human endeavor. What is the chief end of man? What must a man attain before, looking at him, we can say "that life is

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a success"? What must he have attained, what must he have become? When we have raised this standard, when we have clearly set before ourselves this ideal, then we are ready to discuss the minor questions in the light of this, and to adjudge them their place and their true importance.

How shall we go to work to find out what is the chief end of human life? As preliminary to that, and as giving us a clear grasp of our guiding principle, let us ask a simple question. What is the chief end of anything? What do we mean when we are talking about the chief end of anything? What is anything for? What have we in mind as we ask that question, and by what standard shall we answer it? It seems to me that we shall not be very far wrong if we say that practically, though we may never have analyzed it to see what we were really thinking, we are accustomed to judge things according to that which they are fitted by nature to accomplish; and that we raise the further question whether by accomplishing this for which they are fitted they are or are not rendering the greatest possible service to man. No matter what good or bad may be, as related to any other creature, as related to the animals beneath us or to higher intelligences above us, we must judge everything as good or bad as related *to us*, to our welfare and to our happiness.

We say then that anything — a tree, a piece of machinery, an animal, a bird — is good or bad, according as it does that which it is fitted to do, and in so doing renders some service to man. But — and here is a point that I shall have occasion to use as soon as I rise to the level of discussing human nature — we must take note of the fact that almost everything is capable of more than one use. Yet there is some one use for which it is best fitted, some one use that it can answer in a nobler way than any other.

Take one or two very simple illustrations, and the simpler

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the better, to make my idea clear. Suppose a party of us were spending the summer in the Adirondacks. We are crossing some part of the land, perhaps between the lakes or the rivers, and we are carrying our canoe upon our shoulders. A storm comes up. We may turn the boat bottomside up, and by crawling under it make it serve us as a shelter,—turn it into a tent and protection against the tempest. It will serve that purpose very well, and yet we know it is not the highest purpose for which it is fitted, it is not the one thing it can do best. It has a higher and grander use when it does that for which its builder intended it. So we may say of a tree. Take for example a fruit tree. Some fruit trees are large enough, spread their branches wide enough, and are so abundantly supplied with foliage that they may answer very well as shade trees, and yet we know that giving shade is not the chief end of the fruit tree. There are other trees that do not bear fruit that can accomplish this subordinate purpose better. The chief end of a pear tree or an apple tree is the production of pears or apples. Shade, beauty, all these things, are purely incidental. The other is the chief end. Why? For no other reason, no other is possible, or necessary, than that by bearing fruit it fulfils the ideal of its own nature, does that for which it is best fitted, and renders the best service to man.

I might give you a hundred other illustrations bearing on this same point, but one, if I have made my idea clear, is as good as more.

Leaving the preparatory illustrations, come to the main theme, and let us look at a man, and see if we can find out for what he is best fitted, and by fulfilling which he can render the noblest and greatest service to the world. Stand a man up before you, and look at him. The first thing of course that strikes your thought is that he is an animal.

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Looked at in one way, he is the very paragon of animals, the perfection, the crown, the ultimate ideal of the animal world. Yet, if he attempts to live simply and purely an animal life, we must feel that he is making a rather poor business of it. He is no match, in a great many different directions, for some of the other animals. He cannot compete with this one in size, nor with that in agility, nor with another in swiftness, nor with others in the keenness of some instinct or faculty or power. The dog, the horse, the tiger, the elephant, will beat him at one point or another, and leave him hopelessly behind in the race.

And, after all, we feel that a man who is living simply an animal life is degrading himself. What do we mean by that? Did you ever ask yourself what it signifies to be degraded? Have you ever looked at the meaning of the term itself? It means nothing more nor less than this,—that, stepping down from the higher level or grade on which by faculty and endowment you are fitted to live and capable of living, you chose a domain which is on a lower level or grade, and thus became something less than the noble possibility of your being.

It is a grand thing for a man to be a perfect animal, because the animal, after all, is the basis and the condition of everything that is reared upon it and towers above its possibility. But for a man to be only a perfect animal wins contempt, because we say he is fitted for something better than that, that is not his highest use, his chief end. He is capable of a nobler activity; and, in fulfilling this higher function, he renders a nobler and grander service to his fellows.

Going above the animal capacity, the next thing that strikes us in human nature is the power of man as a thinker, the capacity of his brain. Yet, if a man simply thinks, simply studies, simply learns, and all this thought and study and

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learning be not dominated, shaped, controlled by something higher and better, we still feel that a man is less than he might be. Keenness and sagacity do not fulfil our ideal of a man. Depth of knowledge, breadth of comprehension, these do not fill out our ideal of the capacity of a man; for we know that all these faculties — imagination, comprehension, memory, insight — are only weapons, implements, that a man grasps and uses. He that uses is something more than that which is used. He may use these things for good or he may use them for bad. The greatest intellect, perverted to the service of evil, only results in a consummate devil.

Intellect alone then, knowledge alone, does not fill out our grandest ideal of man. Simply to know therefore cannot be the chief end of man. Knowledge is for something, as physical strength is for something, not an end in itself. It is subservient to something reaching beyond and above it. Why should there be a head-light to a locomotive, except that the locomotive is intended to go somewhere along the track for which the head-light shall only serve as illumination. Why does a man kindle a torch except that he may see with it, or light some of his fellows on a darkened pathway? Why then should a man think, why should he know, why should he study, except that this thought and knowledge and study may minister to something beyond themselves?

Precisely the same result will be reached, if we look at man in any other of the different capacities and possibilities that make up the sum of those things that we call his functions. Men may possess a marvellous ability for carrying on business and accumulating money; but, if a man devotes his whole energy, all his thought, all his time, simply to that, was there ever a case in the history of the world, when, looking upon such a one, we could pronounce with dispassionate judgment that he had at last realized the ideal of man? A

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machine for money-making, however perfect, however powerful, however it may outstrip all the other competitors in the world, is not a man, if that is all. A man may make money; but the money, if it be rightly regarded, is for something. His ability to make money is serviceable to him and his fellows only as it is used for something beyond itself. I care not in what direction you look at man, you may see how true this is, clear around the whole circle of human faculty and endeavor. A man has a sense of beauty, he has training, natural endowment, genius, or what you choose to call it, that enables him to give external and material expression to this sense of beauty, and that is what constitutes him an artist. But let a man live in the world of art; let him range through the galleries of imagination, hung with pictures, lined with statues and constructed according to the noblest ideals of architecture that the world has ever seen; let a man live in this world of ideal beauty,—is that all, is that his highest, is that his best?

Why should a man paint a picture, why should a man embody in any external form the consummate and perfect vision of his artistic imagination? Surely not for the sake of itself. A picture, a statue, a fine piece of architecture,—these are not in themselves the ends of human endeavor. If they be worth anything, it is because they are for something that reaches beyond themselves. So with the writer of a drama, a novel, a book of any kind, precisely the same thing is true.

Thus, we may look at man; and as we get a clear conception of his faculties and functions, and see the results that he is able to work in the appearance of the world, in the structure and progress of human life, we see everywhere that none of these things are the end. Man is not for them: they are for him.

The end of human life then, what is it? What is it for

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which man is best fitted, and through the performance of which he can render the best service to the world?

We go up one step higher, and we get a glimpse at last of the ideal, and, so far as our search is concerned, the ultimate truth. We find that the highest and best thing, according to the instinctive judgment of all men, as they look at others,—whether they use it as a measure of themselves or not,—is the possession of a loving spirit and the standing in some helpful relation to their fellow-men. The grandest thing in a man is the feeling of love, and the grandest thing he can do is to live out this feeling of love. To this, all the other lower and grosser things of the world are only steps of ascent, only ministers and servants, standing in its divine presence, ready to run at its bidding.

To put it in another way, a little thought will show you that the chief end of life is living. The chief end of man is manhood. Consider for a moment, while I give you what I regard as an ideal man, and then let me ask if you know of anything finer conceivable in this world or any other: a man perfect in body, sound in health, sane in mind, and with his intelligence trained, joyous in soul, responding to all the ten thousand appeals of the world's beauty and music, glad and happy because his whole nature is in tune,—such a man, living with the constant endeavor to make other men like himself; that is, devoting himself to the welfare of the world. Look at him: a man healthy in body, intelligent in mind, joyous in spirit, and helpful toward all the world,—is there anything finer, is there anything higher than that? The longer you look at this, the profounder it will appear that the chief end of man is nothing else, can be nothing else, than manhood.

Why is it that the world has been cleared of its primeval forests, and so large a part of it turned into a garden, except to make room on the old planet for a man to live and move?

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Why is it that ships have been invented and built, and that their sails whiten or the smoke of the steamers darkens every sea? Why do they touch at every port and bring the products of every soil and clime, except that these things may be laid at the feet of a man? Why is it that plays have been written, poems created, novels and books of ten thousand kinds composed,— why, but that thus man's intelligence may be elevated, delighted, and satisfied? Why is it that the old masters have felt the music of this great universe singing in their souls, and have given outward expression to music through musical instruments of so many kinds, except that those sons of song may minister to the joy and uplift the aspirations and give inarticulate utterance to the inexpressible emotions of a man?

Why is it that the artistic genius of the world has created so many external forms of beauty, except that this sense of beauty in a man may be satisfied? Why is it that wealth is accumulated and all the elements and foundations of civilization are laid, except to give standing ground for a man and to give him opportunity to climb.

Conceive of all the world as a pyramid, broad based as the planet, its walls built up by human achievement, by human thought, by human aspiration, and, when you arrive at the summit, with what will you crown the apex except with a man? Is it not for his sake that all is done, everything discovered, created, builded?

And when we dream, in our hours of hope, of that future perfect condition of the human race, is it not only to people the world with men such as I have tried to picture? What does the millennium dream amount to, or of what is composed the good time coming? What do we mean when we speak of the perfect civilization? Is it not simply that the whole world shall be filled with men, free, healthy, intelligent, joyous, linked in earnest and delighted service with their fel-

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lows? And if you project your dream beyond the limits of this life, and let it take the form of the apocalyptic vision of the eternal city, what is that? Streets of gold, walls and gates of jewels and pearls, river of life, trees that are for the healing of the nations,— all that the fancy of man can conceive is nothing more than a poetic and figurative attempt to set forth the perfect condition of man. Heaven itself then means no more, and can mean no more, than that which I am trying to outline and to impress upon your thought.

The chief end of man is just this perfect condition of the race. Money is of value only as it serves man. Art, science, literature, everything that men can do or think, is only to minister to man; and, when the perfect world has come, man will stand at the summit, using all these things to build up his own ideal nature and to help him perpetually to advance.

But some one may be saying, "You have not said a word about morality, about religion, about God, about any of those things that we had supposed would be fundamental in any treatment concerning the chief end of man." But consider a moment if I have not said precisely the same things, only in another way. What can religion do for man more or better than to make him a perfect man? What could God do for man more or better than to make him a perfect man? What could churches, Bibles, rituals, do for man more than this? What could morality do more than this? Are not all these things then subserved under the ideal of the perfect man that I have been attempting to portray?

Religion is not something above a man. It is of worth only as it helps make a man. So with morality, so with Bibles, so with churches, forms, and rituals, so with everything from the highest to the lowest; man is above them all; and they are worth nothing except as they give him standing room, hold him up, and fit him *to be himself.*

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I say, then, that the chief end of man, when it is fulfilled and realized, will not lead a man to be moral, it will be morality. It will not lead a man to be what he ought to be, it will realize what a man ought to be. It will not lead a man toward the serving of his fellows, it will be the highest possible service of his fellows. It will not lead him to glorify God, it will be glorifying God.

Suppose we go back to the question as they used to give it in the old catechism, and its answer: "What is the chief end of man?" "To glorify God and enjoy him forever." Is it possible to glorify God in any other way than that which I have outlined? How can a chronometer better glorify its maker than by the keeping of perfect time? How can a steam engine better glorify Watt or Stephenson than by being the magnificent, wonderful creation that it is? If we use the words of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork," what do we mean? Can the stars glorify him in any better way than by keeping tirelessly on their wondrous round, delighting and uplifting and awing every intelligence that looks up to them, by the glory of their shining? The earth and the heavens, then, glorify God by *being;* and man can glorify God only by *being himself.*

He who has attained this has attained manhood: he has won. Everything else, like a whipped spaniel, crawls at his feet. He has made everything else his servant. He has achieved the end of man. But if any one has allowed business or literature, or art, or anything which was made to serve him, take the place of master, then he is one of two things: if he has done it under compulsion, he is a slave; if he has done it voluntarily, he is the — opposite of a wise man. The chief end of man then is simply manhood: and he who is a true man stands at the summit of the world and all things else are at his feet.

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WHAT IS BUSINESS FOR?

In order that you may follow me clearly in the steps which I have taken leading to my present topic, I wish to recapitulate a little. Two weeks ago, I attempted to portray for you this mythical representative of nature and human life called the sphinx, the woman-faced, lion-clawed, smiling but inexorable. I told you how she sits by the pathway of every man, woman, and child, asking her question, on the answer of which depends all human success or failure.

One week ago, I took the next step in the logical process of thought, and attempted to show you that, in whatever special business a man may be engaged, there is something beyond all this, which constitutes the end, aim, ultimate goal of human life. I showed you it was necessary that we should have this goal, this ideal, in mind, in order that in the light of it we may estimate and judge all minor pursuits.

We are ready then this morning to raise one of our special questions concerning one of the special departments of human life. We are ready to hear propounded one of the riddles of the sphinx, and to essay if we can answer it. I shall put it in very simple words, What is business for? Perhaps, at first thought, you say, "Why, a child could answer it"; but there are very few men in this congregation, very few in the city, very few in the country, that have given it a complete and adequate answer. And, because they have not

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been able to give it a complete answer, they have paid the inexorable forfeit of sacrificing sometimes life itself, sometimes some grand feature or fragment of life, that leaves them but partially developed, aborted, crippled, only a part of their complete selves. For example, because one man could not answer the question, "What is business for?" he has sacrificed and lost his honor. Another man, because he could not answer it, has destroyed the beauty and the happiness of his home. Another, because he could not answer it, has made failure of all that is noble in his citizenship. Another, because he could not answer it, has fallen out of the grand march of the race toward some ultimate noble ideal. The pathway then, along which the race of mankind marches, is strewn everywhere with wrecks of men, devoured, broken, destroyed, because of their failure to adequately answer this simple question.

Before we go on to attack the central part of the problem itself, I want to put definitely before your mind what business is. Then, we will be ready to ask what it is for. Business has a double source, in human nature and human life. Man is under the necessity of engaging in some occupation, in order that he may supply the numberless wants of life. In other words, we are here in this world in the midst of countless possibilities. It depends on our knowledge, on our skill, strength, industry, ability to cope with these conditions, whether these possibilities shall be turned into actual fact. There is then upon us the necessity for labor, in order that we may supply the numberless wants of life. But business has another source; and that is the necessity laid on man to act, to manifest himself, to find room and scope for the play of his faculties, without any special regard to the ultimate object and end to be attained. A man has the ability to hear, the ability to see, the ability to do ten thou-

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sand things, corresponding to all the possibilities of his being; and it is perfectly natural, in the necessity that is laid upon him, if he live at all, that he find play and scope for the use of these many faculties and powers. (It is as natural and necessary for a man to *act* in some direction as it is for a brook to ripple or for a flower to unfold on its stem from the bud.) And the man who is not engaged in some active occupation is practically atrophied and dead. He is like a brook that does not run, but has become stagnant, or like a flower that does not unfold from the bud, but withers on its stem.

These two necessities then lie at the root of all business,— the necessity of supplying our needs and the necessity for the play and action of the functions of our being.

There are two kinds of business, or two grand divisions under which we may consider it for our purpose this morning: first, there is the business of making; that which takes the raw materials of the world and reshapes them, turning them to uses for which by nature they are not fitted; which adds to their value as the result of the skill and the labor expended on them.

Then there is that other great department of business, which consists simply in exchange of products after they are made. There was a time, in the early, barbaric period of the world, when making was not looked upon as it is now, in many respects, as a degrading employment. He who makes— that is, the artisan,— has come to be looked at as something lower than he who exchanges the product of his work. This is for the reason — I shall have no time to point out its cure — that the conditions of manufacture, through the influence of machinery and a thousand other things, have come to be such that a man has no opportunity to put into the product of his hand any of the richness of his manhood. He him-

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self is simply a cog in the wheel, a part of the mechanism that produces; and so he is looked upon as hardly up to the level of a man. The two departments of business, then, are making and exchanging.

If labor is legitimate, it will engage itself — how? What is the difference between that labor, that business, which is honorable, and that which is dishonorable, that which is legitimate and that which is illegitimate, that which we ought to encourage and that which we ought to frown upon and drive out of the world just as far as possible? A business is legitimate that is engaged in making or exchanging such things as, in their proper use, are capable of ministering to the welfare and the happiness of man. He who makes or engages in the exchange of anything which is of necessity injurious to man is engaged in a business that is illegitimate, and that he ought at once to abandon. It is no excuse for a man to say concerning a business like this: "Necessity has laid it upon me. I must live." A man has no right to live at the expense of the welfare and happiness of his fellow-men. If the time has come when you cannot afford to live on any other terms, then at any rate be a man; leave this world, suffer yourself to be crowded out, and see if you can find some world where you can live on nobler terms. Such, then, is legitimate and illegitimate business.

What is honest business? for that is quite another thing. A man may be dishonest in the conduct of a legitimate business, or he may be honest in the conduct of a business that is illegitimate, so far as the business transactions are concerned. Honest business, so far as the making department of it is concerned, is the making of products in which you are engaged out of such materials and after such a fashion that when they are done they shall be what they pretend to

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be. Honest exchange is the exchanging of products in such a fashion that, when the exchange is done, both parties to the transaction have received a benefit. He who exchanges something which he knows to be worthless for something that is of value, he who exchanges in such a way that the man with whom he deals is injured, and is worse off after the transaction than he was before, if he has done it knowingly, purposely, then he is a thief, and the man with whom he has traded is a victim. For wherein lies the essence of theft? Is it not in taking something for which there is not given value received?

Happy business — that which ought to be the ideal of the world — will be reached, when the time has come that every man is engaged in some occupation for which by his native ability he is fitted; when he is not overdriven in that occupation; when he is not underpaid; when, through and by means of it, he is able to develop his own manhood to its highest and best, and to do the best service to his fellowmen. Do you say this is an ideal far away, an ideal relegated to Utopian dreams, an ideal so distant that there is no use of thinking about it; that all we can do is simply to go into the midst of the scramble of life, and get out of it what we can, and say, as did Louis on the eve of the revolution, "After us, the deluge"? Nay, but grant it is an ideal; grant that it exists only in Utopia; grant that ages will pass away before it is achieved in any general way,— still, you know, when you think intelligently and are honest with yourselves, that any other method of conducting business, excepting this, is a calamity and an evil. You know that this is the ideal life of the ideal man; you know that in individual cases, here and there, it has been attained; you know further that it is attainable in more cases than those in which it is realized; you know that among yourselves you might get somewhat

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nearer its attainment than you actually do; you know further that no noble, grand achievement in the history of this world was ever yet attained, except as man saw and reached out after and sought to grasp it. Duty then, as well as interest, it seems to me, calls upon every man to fix his thought upon this grand ideal, and to do whatsoever within him lies to bring about that state of affairs where it shall be realized in the actual condition of the world.

Which was made first, business or man? Man first; man all the time; man last. Man was not made for business: business was made for man; and the ideal is that he shall so control and shape this business life as to make it minister to all the higher ranges and departments of human life.

Having thus defined what business is, and having in a general way stated what business is for, it is my purpose during the rest of the morning to indicate some of the special departments of human life to which business ought to be subordinated, but which too often are subordinated to business. In doing so, I shall point out some of the grand failures that come to men, because they are not able adequately and completely to answer this question as to what business is for.

In the first place, one of the saddest yet too common sacrifices that men make for business is a sacrifice of their personal honesty as men. Personal honesty sacrificed to business! That is the very heart of manhood taken out and flung to the beasts for a paltry success that vanishes in a little while, and leaves *not even a man* to mourn its loss. Did you ever think for a moment what is the deep-down, underlying basis of all that is worth living for in this world? What is it on which society itself rests? What is it that constitutes the stability and order of the world? What is it that makes it possible for men and women to live together in

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mutual and friendly relationships, to aid each other, and to help on the general welfare of the world? Is it not just so much of honesty as lies at the heart of individual men and women,— those that make up the units of society? Is it not mutual confidence and trust? Is it not the faith we have in each other which makes it possible for us to live together in what we call society? The very condition of life itself is honesty, and there is no life without it. The man who has been untrue to this ideal of honesty has sacrificed the very heart of his manhood. He has become an enemy of his kind; and, if all men did as he has done, anything like society would be impossible, and the world of men would become a jungle of beasts.

To sacrifice honesty then for money is to sacrifice the very essence and end and meaning of human life to that which is worth nothing except as it can minister *to* human life.

There is another thing that men lose because they cannot adequately answer the riddle, "What is business for?" and that is the ideal of a noble, sweet, loving, happy home,—the picture of a home that constitutes the dream of every young man. And I would like to ask the young men that hear me this morning to remember that, as they go on step by step toward the realization of that dream, they will of necessity fail, and find it a broken and illusive image that they can never grasp, unless they learn to sacrifice business to the home,— sacrifice! I will not use that word,— unless they learn to subordinate the business to the home, and make it the minister and servant instead of the slave-driver with the whip that takes all the meaning and sweetness and beauty out of life.

I know a man who for the carrying out of some business whim,— it is only a whim, and not a very worthy one at that, for the man that I have in mind is not one that is

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needy or struggling for bread,— who is sacrificing home and its happiness to the attainment of that which he does not need, and that he is not able adequately and properly to use when he has attained it. I know men who have fixed upon some special business end that they wish to reach, and for no reason in the world but because they have made up their mind that they will attain it. They drudge, they labor, they risk their health, they destroy the home life or a large part of its sweetness and peace, they lay burdens on the hearts of wife and child, and all for the sake of realizing this particular business whim.

I know other men who, in order that they may attain something more in the way of accumulation, while they need it not, are sacrificing all that is best in their lives; training their children up so that they have no conception of the value of money, or how to use it, or how to gain it, or how easily it is lost, or what grand things they can do with it; leaving the children alone, hardly seeing them except when they are asleep, only that they may gain more, and still more and still more, making no adequate or proper use of that which they already have. I have in mind such a man, who is a Boston man too. He is getting old. He goes to his home in the suburbs late, because he has drudged all day, although he is already into the millions somewhere. He thinks and talks money, and nothing else, on his way home and after he is at home. He gets up early the next morning, before the servants; goes downstairs and himself arranges the furnace, lest there should be the wasting of a bit of coal; looks all through the larder and supply of the house, lest the servants should use a lump of sugar too much; living no manly life, making himself a nuisance in his home. Why? That his son, now grown to be a young man, may be a nameless, worthless loafer, able to say, "I propose to do nothing:

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there is no need of my doing anything, for the 'old man' has more money than I can ever spend." He is making money — what for? Making it for the ruin of his home, under this insane delusion; for there is no madness, when you analyze it, more real, out of the asylum, than driving on in pursuit of this yellow phantom at the price of everything, all for the sake of pursuing the phantom. What is business for? For perdition, in a case like that. There are cases that grade all the way from what is legitimate and proper up, or rather down, toward an ideal like that.

There are other ways, of which I have no time to speak, in which men sacrifice the home to the business, although, when they look back to the time when they were young men, —for these things crept insidiously upon them,— they will remember that the one thing they had in mind in making money and in dreaming of wealth was that they might create a happy and beautiful home.

There is another thing, that I can only touch on briefly, that men sacrifice to business. That is their duties as citizens. Citizenship,— what does it mean? In spite of all our talk about the dirty pool of politics, there is something grand, something beautiful, in this relation of citizenship, to be one of the great mass of thousands that unite to make the organic unity called a people. And just as the health of the body depends on the health and activity of all its minutest parts and functions, so the health of this great organic body, called a nation, depends on the intelligence, honesty, fulfilment of his duties, of every fragment called a citizen. Homes depend on the maintenance of this organic unity; business itself and its prosperity depend on the maintenance of this organic unity; courts of justice depend on it; education depends upon it. The maintenance of this unity depends on its purification and progress. These are

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the conditions of all that we think of, when we are talking about family and individual life. Then, whoever neglects this has proved recreant to a mighty trust. He has no right, for the sake of a little more private or personal gain, to sacrifice the very foundation on which he must stand, to attain that good. He follows a very dishonorable course, if he lets others hold him up for the achievement of the purpose of his life, while he does nothing to aid them, or even to maintain the stability of his own footing. No man can be a complete, rounded man, who utterly neglects the duties that call upon him in this direction.

My next step leads me to consider something right in the line of this, and yet that broadens out and reaches farther than mere citizenship. I couch it under the word "philanthropy,"—citizenship of the world. No man is a complete, true man who has not joined hands with somebody for the sake of something that shall make the world better. We have received from the past the inheritance of all that is sweet and noble and pure and true in human life; and it is incumbent upon us that we fulfil the duties of our station, and see to it that the children who come after us shall find the inheritance not only quite as good, but at least a little better than when it came into our hands. But what is the course of thousands of men? They come into the world—a farmer's boy's illustration comes into my mind — like rats into a corn-crib. They come only to nibble, to eat and fill themselves; and they go out, leaving only a track of ruin, rubbish, and refuse behind. How many men are there in the circle of your acquaintance who have been connected in any such earnest, personal way with some movement to help on and make better the world that they will be missed when they drop out of it? There are a hundred ways; there are wheels in every road waiting for an earnest shoulder to give

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them a push, to help on the progress of mankind. Can you be contented simply to pursue this private gain, and know that you are taking out of the common treasury of the world's goodness, and putting nothing in; that the world will be no poorer when you have passed away?

Business should simply be the means by which tools are furnished to skilful hands and loving hearts, through the instrumentality of which some feature of the world's life can be carved into some higher shape of beauty or some nobler possibility of use.

I have one point more, and that is something which, in its way, transcends them all. To be a true man, one should be able to have a life over and above and outside of any specific occupation. He should be able to think and feel and live when his work is done, not simply kill time and amuse himself, saying, "I have won the means to live, I have won the right to do what I please," but to live for a little while like a man. How shall he do this? By having some pursuit, some line of thought, some course of study, beyond the bread-winning. Let him build himself some little corner in the world, a place of refuge where he can go away by himself and live in this great wonderful universe, a child of God, a citizen of the world.

Most men cannot do this, and why? For the reason that they have been compelled to conduct their business in such a way in order that they could live? No. Most men can live and yet do this other thing. Yet most men have become so tied to their business, or so led on by some private personal ambition, that they turn into this one channel the whole tide of their being, and there is no little current left to turn any other wheel than that which is grinding out the products of their occupation.

And yet see what a universe this is! You cannot pick up

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a handful of dust to-day that, if you understood it, if you could read its meaning, would not be for you packed full of mystery, of wonder, of God himself. Every dust grain beneath your feet has a record that will tell you, if you learn to know it, a marvellous story of the past. The old world is covered with ruins and remains of wondrous civilizations reaching back untold ages toward the past. Not only the ruins of man, but the records of life below man, tell us a story of millions of years. Every grass-blade, every wayside stone, every scratch on the top of a boulder, if you only knew its meaning, would tell you a history that involved thousands of years and the remaking of a continent. A man ought to be able, then, to recognize, at least, this wonder,— to know something about this great world that he lives in.

Let me give you an illustration that will perhaps impress upon you more clearly what I have in mind. Suppose you should visit some one of the great art galleries of Europe, at Dresden perhaps, or the Louvre in Paris, and when you come out you should meet a friend who should say: "Did you see that statue? Did you see this picture, that work of the old master?" and you would be compelled to say: "No, I didn't notice it. I didn't think anything about the statues or the paintings while I was there." "Why, what did you do?" he would ask. "I walked through the galleries by the hour with my head down, planning how I could pay the expenses of my trip." Do not men go through this world in precisely as ridiculous a fashion, head down all the way, never seeing one of God's wonders in earth or sky, in the past or present, for the reason that they are planning all the time how to pay the expenses of their passage through? If this is all, it is not worth while to go through. I would stop at the doorway.

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But can one learn to know these things? Thousands are learning, thank God, the worth of them. I know a man, for example, who has bought himself a microscope. He is a hard-worked man; but he has a purpose in his leisure, and looking through that microscope he is studying the marvels of nature. I know another man who has bought himself a spectroscope, and he is studying the composition of the stars as it is reported to him through those little rays of light broken up by the glass through which they pass. I know another man who has bought a telescope, and is taking excursions nightly through these wondrous avenues and galleries of God. I know another man who is studying geology, and now every stone, every rock, has a history to relate to him; and he can never be alone, even in the fields or canyons of the West, for the whole world is alive and thrilling with interest. Another man may study botany, another history, or poetry, or literature. Why, friends, the world is full of marvel, if we only open our eyes, if we only stop long enough in the midst of the din and the bustle to listen.

Do not then sacrifice all these things that make up your complete manhood for the sake of the means by which to pay your bills. All that business is for, all that it is worth, is simply to furnish you the means to be all these things that I have attempted to outline; and it is paltry, it is pitiful, it is unutterably foolish, to throw away the very ends and objects of life for the sake of the means to live.

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WHAT ARE BRAINS FOR?

WHAT are brains for? If we are to accept the answer of those who are the self-constituted representatives of God on earth, under whatever name, in whatever country, then we must accept the answer, Brains are for use,—for the broadest, the freest, the sincerest use everywhere, in every department of human life, except religion. There, brains are a disadvantage, a positive misfortune at times. If a man dare use them in relation to religion, he is told that he is digging away at the foundations of morality, at the very stability of society; that he is an enemy of his fellow-men; that he is rousing the anger of God which, if he do not repent, will flame after him even to the bottomless pit itself. And yet is it not strange that claims like this are made even on behalf of him who uttered the words: "And why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?"

These words appear in a very significant connection. They were questioning him concerning his mission, his purpose. He says: "You use your common-sense about everything else. You use your practical wisdom and experience about other matters. If you see a cloud rising in the west, toward the Mediterranean, from over the sea, you infer that there is going to be a shower. If the wind begins to blow from the south, in the direction of the tropics, you rightly infer there is going to be hot weather. Why then, concern-

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ing these great, practical questions of religion and life, do you not use the same experience, the same common-sense? Why of yourselves judge ye not that which is right? Can ye not discern the signs of this time?" And yet the man who in his day was the grandest of free thinkers; the man who dared question even the authority of Moses; the man who said, It has been said by them of old time so and so, but *I* say unto you something else; the man who dared utter new thoughts concerning God, concerning practical questions of morality; the man who dared even criticise the very heart of the nation, the temple and its worship; who dared touch the people in the most sensitive and tender part of their religious life,—he has been erected into a despot and set up as an enemy of that which he himself practised; held up as a reason for our not doing that which he set us an example of doing in the grandest possible way.

Before we come to treat this question more broadly and practically, I want to ask and answer a preliminary one: What is the object of thought and study? Why are we born with brains? Why do we have the power of thought? What is it all for? All thinking, all study of every kind and in every department of human life, is for the sake of forming opinions. In business, concerning political questions, in matters of science and art, if we think, if we study, if we read, it is for the sake, as we say, of making up our minds, for the sake of forming opinions for ourselves. And what is the use of having opinions? They are not simply for their own sake. The reason why we care to have opinions is that they lead to action. Opinions are for the sake of the practical phases and developments of human life. We think for the sake of opinions: we have opinions for the sake of action. (Ultimately, a man is what he thinks.) That which he really believes will manifest itself as the shaping power

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of his life; and, according as his own life is shaped, he will become a power to produce good or evil effects upon all those with whom he comes in contact.

But we not only want opinions because they are to ultimate in action, but we want right opinions, true opinions. If a man's opinion in any direction be false, then the resultant activity will either be futile and useless, or else it will be mischievous. You are perfectly aware of that in all practical matters; and, when I hear men say that opinions are of no practical importance in religion, I know that they mean one of two things,—either that those opinions are concerning things which are "all in the air"; or else that they do not believe that the opinions which they hold really influence or control any practical and important department of human life. You know how important it is that you have correct opinions in your business. If, for example, you buy stocks under a misapprehension, it may be a matter of a good deal of importance to you. If you go into some large business transaction, and have studied up the production of cotton, of corn, or of wheat, or whatever it is that you are dealing in, and if you think that you have a correct opinion as to the amount produced during the last year, and as to the amount that is already in existence, and therefore as to the probable condition of the markets three or six months from to-day, you consider it is a matter of immense practical importance. And if you have made a mistake anywhere, if your opinion is not correct, it may mean financial wreck and life-long disaster. You know, then, that the truth of your opinion in any practical department of human life is of the utmost possible consequence. And if religion means anything practical, if it touches human life anywhere for better or worse, then it is just as important that you have true opinions in regard to that as it is concerning any other matter in the world.

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But, if your religion is of that kind that does not touch your practical life, then it does not make any difference whether you have any religion at all or not. You had better not have any of that kind. A true opinion, then, in religious matters is of the utmost importance.

What do we mean by a true opinion? How can we tell whether an opinion is true or not? It seems to me that the condition of the popular mind in regard to this matter is such that people are at least half-persuaded that nobody can find out much in this direction; that it is all pure speculation and wordy, windy dispute, with no possibility of coming to a settlement concerning any of the great themes about which we are interested.

How do you know when an opinion is true? It is easy enough to settle that question in regard to practical life. (An opinion is true when it corresponds substantially with the external reality concerning which the opinion is held.) If, for example, I look at this rosebud and pronounce as to its kind, make up my mind what its color is, my opinion concerning it is true, provided it corresponds with the external reality. So concerning the hardness, the softness, the liquid or the gaseous condition of any substance; so concerning the heavens or the earth, an opinion is said to be true when it corresponds substantially and for all practical purposes with the reality of the thing concerning which the opinion is held.

How can we find out? We can determine it by observation, by experiment. We can find out by putting the matter to the test. We can settle it for all practical purposes concerning any matter that really touches us anywhere, so that we can bring it within the scope of human experience.

How do astronomers settle a question concerning such a matter as, for instance, the transit of Venus? Perhaps you

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will remember two or three years ago the universal interest concerning this, how expeditions, equipped in every possible way, were sent to every part of the earth to take observations from different stand-points, so that one man could check any possible mistake or faulty observation on the part of another. Test, observe, experiment, record the probable truth; and then, when there comes another transit, observe again, check, question once more. That is, put the matter to the test in every possible way, freely, broadly thinking on all sides of it, experimenting all around it, and then at the last holding that as true which bears the result of this persistent experimenting, testing, and trial, and flinging aside as either not true, or at least not proved to be true, that which does not stand this kind of experiment.

The result of all thinking then is to discover the truth; because we are persuaded that it is of practical importance to us to know the truth concerning all the things in the heavens above and the earth beneath that touch us anywhere or come within the range of our human experience.

We are now ready for the great question as to how we shall use our brains, our thoughts, our intellects, in this matter of the discovery of truth. Shall we use them freely? Shall we use them broadly? Shall we examine everything, however secular, however sacred, by the test of experiment, and only decide that that is true which will bear the test? Or shall we use this method everywhere else except in religion, and, when we come to that, abdicate reason, and lay our brains upon the altar of authority? Shall we cease to think, blindfold our eyes, and walk in the pathway that is pointed out to us as that which is the only true and the only right one to follow, because resting its claim on supernatural authority?

This is the question which, in the limits of the hour as-

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signed me, I propose this morning to discuss. I said we are expected to use our brains freely and fearlessly concerning everything except religion. The man who makes a discovery in any department of science is hailed as having added to the domains of human knowledge, he is honored and rewarded. The man who makes a discovery in theology is looked upon with suspicion. He is treated as an enemy to his kind. The wrath of God is threatened against him. The man who, by a free and grand use of his brain, forms some new great business combination, covering half the interests of the continent, is openly heralded as a genius, and honors and rewards are poured out lavishly at his feet. The man who makes some grand discovery in regard to this human frame of ours, concerning some great question of health or disease, is regarded as a friend and servant of humanity. He is elevated on a pedestal of fame, and his name becomes one of that short list that we can rightly call immortal. But the man who makes some new diagnosis of the moral and spiritual nature, the man who discovers some new truth concerning religious health or disease, who suggests some new improvement in spiritual treatment, he is outcast, branded. If he be in the pulpit, the pews forsake and desert him. If he be in the pews, he either keeps quiet about it for the sake of his social or business interests, or announces it at his peril.

In a general way then, it is true that this restriction of the use of brains is confined to religion; and yet I would not have you think it was always so. It is only because man, as the result of a long battle, has won his freedom in every other department of human life, but has not completely won it here as yet. It was an old idea of the philosophers and thinkers preceding the French Revolution, an idea that found its fullest expression in that famous work, *The Social Con-*

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tract, of Rousseau, that men were originally independent and free; that individualism was the starting-point of the race, and that society was formed by mutual concessions of individuals; that men gave up this right and that, for the sake of the supposed advantages of living together. Yet, as we study the early development of the race, we find the precise opposite of this was the truth. There was no such thing as an individual in early society. The individual had no rights of property, no rights of family, no rights of opinion, no political rights, no religious rights. He was simply a little unit that contributed its small part toward making up the tribe. The individual was nothing. And the time was, even as late as the civilization, so called, of Greece and Rome, when the man who dared to have a scientific opinion was branded and outcast. You remember how Anaxagoras was condemned to death, afterward having his sentence commuted to perpetual banishment, because he dared to express an opinion as to the nature and composition of the sun, which was contrary to the commonly received belief. And in after ages, when men dared to look at the earth, and came to the conclusion that it was probably a sphere, the first daring utterances on the subject were regarded as making a man a social and religious outlaw. When Galileo and Kepler first dared propound those ideas, which are now the admitted opinions of every one, as to the constitution of the heavens, they were not simply men extravagant in their opinions, but, according to the popular idea, they were religion's enemies, they were daring invaders whom the gods were ready to destroy; and the people considered not only that the gods were angry with these rash speculators, but that they themselves would share their ruin, if they did not cast them out and abjure any part in their heretical opinions. And precisely similar ideas to these were held concerning almost all sub-

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jects of human thought. It is only within a few years that there has been any freedom of study concerning this body of ours. Looking into the nature of health and disease was considered sacrilegious, a prying into the mysteries of life. It was considered blasphemous for a man to dare to intimate that a disease might have a natural origin or cause. Disease was a whip of the Almighty, the pestilence was a scourge of God; and to dare to trace its nature was impious. This was the common opinion.

So in regard to another great department of human life, concerning which I can only hint, that of politics and government. Men dared not think concerning questions of human rights. Men dared not raise any question concerning the authority of the king. The king in ancient times, in almost every nation under heaven, was the lineal descendant of the gods. He was their representative on earth. His sceptre was only a human symbol here below for the lightnings which the god himself wielded above; and to question him was to fling insult in the face of heaven itself, for he was the representative of heaven among men.

I say then it is nothing peculiar that these ideas should be held in religion only so far as this,—that man has wrought out his liberty in these other departments of human thought, but has not completely freed himself yet in religion.

We are this morning here so free and peaceful, it may come into your minds to question why there is any necessity for treating of themes like this on this platform; and yet do you know that we are in an almost hopeless minority,—a minority that would be hopeless, did we not believe that the forces of the future were with us, did we not believe that the stars in their courses were fighting for this larger enfranchisement of the human mind? We need not go back far to find that everything concerning religion — the ritual, the attitude

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of the priest, the gesture, the inflection of the voice, the time, the place, everything — was prescribed, everything was fixed. There was nothing fluent or flexible or changeable anywhere. They dared not change a verbal phrase, they dared not change the movement of a finger, lest the authority that had prescribed these should be offended. And, even to-day, the last remnants of it are to be found in the thoughts and minds of those that are freest. Only within a week or two, Phillips Brooks has been severely criticised by the papers of his own denomination, because he dared to make a prayer before the Harvard students in another way than after the prescribed form of the Prayer-Book of his Church. There are those even in the most liberal church — I come across examples of them every little while — who feel as though, somehow or other, religion was not properly administered, unless there was a particular form of words used in the benediction or in some other part of the service; thus wanting to keep a remnant of this idea somewhere.

Let us now consider this question as between authority and freedom in the use of human thought concerning the great subject of religion. That which we desire to find of course is the truth. Those who claim that free thought is dangerous, that it is an injury to man, an evil to religion, must claim it, of course, and they do claim it, on the ground that free thought endangers the discovery of the truth; that a man that is free is not as likely to find the truth as one hoodwinked and guided and hampered by authority. This, then, is the claim. Let us investigate it as briefly as we can.

What are the reasons which they offer for making this claim? First,— and these are reasons which you will recognize as underlying the whole discussion,— they tell us that men do not really desire the truth, that man's moral nature has been so perverted that, if you leave him free, he will

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choose error by preference. You must drive him into the right way, or he will not go there at all.

Consider for a moment what that means. If right and wrong are real distinctions; if right means obedience to the laws of life, and wrong means breaking those laws; if right means health and peace and prosperity, and wrong means the opposite; if right means all goodness and all joy and God himself here and hereafter and forever, and wrong means the opposite; if right and wrong are thus vital distinctions answering to substantial realities,— why, then, if a man is intelligent and is the most selfish man in the world, he cannot choose but accept, when he sees it, and finds out that which is right. Does he not want the best, health, happiness, peace, joy, all good? Prove to the selfish man, if you can, that right means these, and he will be unselfish for a selfish reason, if such a thing be possible. If, however, right and wrong do not represent realities, then it is not of much significance what we do or think about the matter, one way or the other.

There is just one other consideration. In spite of this assertion that men, if you leave them free, will choose the evil, look abroad over the land, and see what answer comes from the actual facts of human life. By common consent of intelligent and educated men, that part of the world where free thought in all directions is the most common, that is the place where there is the best government, it is the place where there is the most business prosperity, where the people are best educated. It is the place where there is the greatest social order. It is the place where there is the largest opportunity, where there are the noblest results of manhood.

By practical test and experiment then, it has been demonstrated that, if you leave men free and give them intelligence,

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they will choose that which they find to be the best; and they have done so. The demonstration is in the fact that those peoples that are the leaders in civilization to-day are the ones that are the freest in every department of life.

Lack of thought means ignorance; and ignorance the world over is a synonyme for degradation and crime. The practical demonstration of experience refutes this old slander against this human nature of ours.

But they tell us once more that the human mind is incompetent to discover truth; that, on account of some catastrophe in the past, a fall, or something of the sort, that has happened to us, the human intellect is crippled, disabled, incompetent to discover the truth. But just see what a curious contradiction is here. The very men who tell us that the human mind is incompetent to discover the truth, and that, therefore, we common people must not try, tell us that we must put ourselves under *their* guidance. Let us accept the supposition that the human mind is incapable of discovering the truth. These supposed infallible guides are *men*. If the human mind is incapable of discovering the truth, how about their minds, they being human? It is quite possible that they, also, in making that very statement about us, may have proved their own incompetency. They may have made a blunder concerning this human mind of ours; and the alleged incompetency may be true, so far as they are concerned, but not be universal by any manner of means. When they bring wholesale charges against the competency of the human intellect, they disprove *their own* competency to be our guides. They tell us that, on account of this incompetency, we must accept, in lieu of our reason, the guidance of a supernatural book or a supernatural church. But, if there is a supernatural book or a supernatural church that can take the place of our reason, then there is a reason for

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believing that they are infallible in their authority, or there is no reason. If there is any reason for the claim they make of infallible authority, then give us the reason, and our reasons will bow before it. If there be no reason, then the claim itself is an absurdity, and appeals not to the rational man, but to crude superstitions and degrading fears.

There is just one other thought. They say these great questions of religion, these great themes of the religious and moral life, are beyond the reach of human experience, that they transcend all human faculties. Grant for a moment that they do, and what is the result? The result is that it does not make one particle of difference whether we ever know anything about them or not. What difference does it make to you or to me whether we can map the back of the moon? What difference does it make concerning any question that is so far beyond us, and so far out of our reach that we cannot touch it, and that it does not touch us? It does not make a particle of difference whether we have any opinion about such questions or not. They are of no practical importance. On the other hand, if the great questions of morals and religion do touch us, if we are better or worse on account of them, if they are a part of the factors of our practical life, if they make up the issue of good and evil as the years go by, then they come within the range of human experience, they are a part of our practical life; and we can deal with them with our practical faculties, and find out what is true and what is false concerning them so far as they touch us; and they are of no significance to us except as they do. Prove to me then that the questions of God, immortality, the questions of right and wrong living, and the great questions of religion and morals, transcend all human faculty, and you will prove to me that I am a very unwise man to bother my head about them in any way. If they transcend our faculties,

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so that we cannot rationally discover and verify the truth concerning them, it is no matter whether we know anything about them or not.

What, then, is the issue of our discussion? It is, simply stated, this: free thought has won its right to honor and to the guidance of men in every department of life where it has had free play. In the departments of science, of art, of government, of medicine, everywhere, free thought has brought out all the grand results that have ever been attained. Authority has done nothing for man in the way of the discovery of truth. No wonder, then, that authority is afraid of free thought; for they are mortal enemies everywhere. They are engaged in an age-long duel that will never cease until one of them be dead. Authority fears free thought for the simple reason that its claims will not bear investigation. Why, for example, does the Czar of Russia tremble on his throne, and send out his officials in every direction to trample out the very first attempt at the free expression of opinion? Because he knows that free opinion in Russia means the overthrow of his throne. Why does the papacy in every land and in all ages oppose education and light and free thought and free investigation? Because the Pope knows that the deadliest enemy he has on the face of this earth is the spelling-book; and that, if it be allowed free play in the world, his pretensions will go down before it. Why do men tell us that it is wicked to investigate their claims on behalf of the Bible? Because they know that, every time a free and honest man examines those claims, he comes to other conclusions than theirs. If men were persuaded that the widest and freest thought of the world would only establish their conclusions, do you think they would put any bar in the way of human advance toward that end? The scientific man is not afraid to have one of his demon-

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strations tested. He says: "Come from all over the world, test them every way you please. If they are not true, I do not want them to stand. If they are true, then all your testing will only glorify and establish them the more firmly." But the authoritative churches of the past have been in this condition. They have laid their foundations, they have reared the lofty fabric of their faith, and they say to men, "Come: here is the only place of worship." And if a man says, "May I examine the foundations of this structure?" he is told, "No: it is impious to ask such a question." "May I test these walls, and find out if they are firmly built and of enduring materials?" "No. The anger of the God we worship will be hurled upon your head, if you dare to do it."

In other words, this structure of supernatural authority is like those palaces and temples that we read of in fairy tales, built in a night, all in the air, magic structures, and constructed on such principles that, if you dare to stand underneath their dome and to whisper a questionable word, they will vanish into air. But the real temple of God is founded on the solid earth. It is built of rock-hewn truths of human experience. It is peopled by men and women, common men and women, who come to offer their own worship from their own lips to the real Father of us all; and this, which is the real temple of God, will bear all the investigation which all the brave and daring minds of the world can apply to it in all ages. It will only stand the more firmly, and its walls will rise with a nobler grace, and its domes and arches will echo with the sincere worship of free intelligence forever.

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WHAT IS EDUCATION FOR?

MAN is born into this world the most helpless of all living creatures. The young of animals and of birds need nothing for the ordinary course of their life that we are accustomed to call education. The young beaver, in a little while, is able to build its house and its dam as well as its ancestors have builded theirs for a hundred years. It is able with its natural faculties and endowments to find out the places where its food grows, and to obtain that food, and thus all its wants are supplied. It is adequately adapted to its surroundings, and able to live out a complete and full life. The young bird, only a little while out of the egg, just beginning to peep over the edge of its nest, is soon capable of flying off to its home and its natural element in the air. And, without anything that we call training, it uses its claws, its beak, its wings, and sings its unlearned song.

Man alone, then, among all the creatures of the earth, is born into this utter helplessness of infancy, and is dependent for his future career on his surroundings, on that which is done for him,— dependent on what he is made. A young child has to learn everything. He has to learn to balance himself on his little feet and to walk. The little boy has to learn to use his hands, to use his eye, his ear, and his tongue. He has to learn how to develop and unfold every faculty of his complex nature. And the whole failure or

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success of his life depends upon the kind and amount of education that he receives. You may take a little child from the lap of ideal culture itself, and give that child into the nursing of a barbarian mother, and he will grow up practically a barbarian. No matter how many ages of endowment may have transmitted to him his natural faculties and powers, the kind of training he receives will determine the use to which those faculties and powers will be put. Born out of the highest culture, he may come to delight in the gaudy, feathered head-dress of the savage, and to take pride in the war-paint of a chief. Or, a little child taken from the midst of a loving, moral, tender, religious home, cast into circumstances tending to melt all these characteristics into the image of evil and selfishness and wrong,—this child, with an ancestry of a thousand years of noble manhood and womanhood behind him, may become a blot upon society, a scourge to all that is noble and pure and good.

Since, then, so much of what a man or woman becomes depends on this question of the amount and kind of training that the child receives, is there any question as to whether this theme has a right to this hour and this place? Is it not a very essential part of morals and religion that we should consider the principles that underlie an ideal education; that we should ask, and attempt to answer, as far as we can in an hour, the question, *What is education for?*

For I take it that, notwithstanding the wide-spread interest there is in this subject, notwithstanding the fact that our land is dotted all over with school-houses and institutions of learning of every grade from the primary school up to the university, notwithstanding the fact that all of us feel that education is somehow a great, essential thing, still it is true that the number of persons is few who ask and intelligently

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answer the question, What does education mean, what is it for, toward what lines should it be directed? How many of you fathers have ever asked it concerning your children? How many of you teachers, if there be those here to-day, have ever asked anything beyond the gaining a successful result at examination time or putting a child through the prescribed curriculum of study, as to what it is all for?

When is a man educated? When is a woman educated? When are they not? If the question were put to you whether such a person were educated, would you not straightway begin to think to what school he had been, how many things he knew, what he could tell about geography or geology or astronomy, or what problems in mathematics he might be able to solve? And if you were asked concerning some other person whether he were educated, and you knew that he had never been to school at all or but very little in his life, that he had never been to college, that he had never pursued the ordinary routine of studies, would you not, with the common definitions of education in your mind, find yourself inclined to say that, however much he knew, however successful he had become, however great and grand things he was able to accomplish, still he was an uneducated man? Is it not clear, then, that we need something more definite in our minds as to what we mean by this word "education," some standard by which we may measure ourselves, some standard by which we may measure our schools, our universities, some standard by which we may judge whether our own children are gradually approximating the ideal that we have in mind?

What shall this standard be? What is a man in this world for? If to-day some one of your acquaintance were standing on the further verge of life, knowing that in a week or a month he must pass on into the mystery that enfolds this

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wondrous existence of ours, if he were ready to turn back and bid good-by to the world where he had spent his fifty or sixty years, by what test would you decide whether he had been prepared to live, and had lived in the real sense of that word? Would you decide it by the number of schools he had attended, or the college course he had passed through, by the social position he occupied or the money he possessed? You know — for a moment's reflection teaches you — that you would decide by none of these things. They would only be elements, — parts of the problem as to how he has succeeded.

The man who has shown himself capable of standing on his own feet and earning his own living; the man who, as he went through life, was trained in intellect so that he could discern the true from the false, and take his side with the right in the great discussions and conflicts of the world; the man who has been able to take out of life the sweetest and best things that it had to give him and still keep himself noble and true; the man who has learned how to put into life something worthy the career of a man, so that at the last he can say, as he bids adieu to the world, It is richer because I have passed through it, — would you not say of a man like that that he had succeeded? Would you not say that he had found out what life meant and had grasped it at its very heart, that he had been a man, that he had lived and attained all that you could expect of or demand from a man? No matter what else a man may have done, if he has failed in these grand essentials, his life at the best has been only a partial success. And, if he have failed in them all, I care not how rich, how brilliant, how socially high he may have stood, how flattered, how sought after he may have been, his life has been, judged in the light of any worthy standard, a disastrous, a miserable, a pitiful failure.

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You remember that story, to which I may have referred before, of the man travelling somewhere in Europe, who wished to pass from one headland to another over an expanse of water, an arm of the sea several miles in breadth. He secured the services of a skilful boatman to take him over. The weather was pleasant as they started out; but before they had gone far there were threats of a storm, and yet at first neither the boatman nor the passenger had any thought of danger. As they sailed along, they entered into conversation. The passenger was a scholar, widely read, and interested in all the departments of human thought. He asked the boatman if he had ever studied geology, and the boatman answered no. Then the passenger dilated on the wonders and glories of that science, and said, "If you have not studied geology, then a quarter of your life at least is lost." Next, he asked if he had studied political economy, and the boatman was obliged to confess that he had not; and the other went on to speak of the importance of this study to the welfare of the nations of the world, and he told the boatman that, if he had not studied that, another quarter of his life was lost. Then, in regard to some other department of human investigation, he put the same question with the same reply, and the boatman was told that still another quarter of his life was lost. Just at that point, the storm that had been gathering culminated and broke upon their little vessel. It was upset; and, as they clung to the wreck, the boatman asked the wise man if he had ever learned to swim, and he said he had not. "Then," said the boatman, "the whole of your life is lost." So it seems to me, and for this purpose I have referred to this illustration, that it is simply justice and truth to say that he who has not learned these four essentials to which I have referred,—to stand on his own feet and earn his own living; to distinguish truth

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from falsehood in the great battles of the world, so as to cast his influence on the side of truth; who has not learned to get out of life its best things as he goes through it; and who has not learned to put into life the best things of which he is capable in the way of serving his fellow-men,— whatever else he may have learned, if he has not learned these, all the better part of his life at least is lost. That which constitutes life, which gives it its dignity, its meaning, and which makes it worth while to live at all, has been left one side and forgotten. There are young men who have gone through a long course of study, graduated at the high schools, perhaps graduated at the university, who, if you simply throw them into the midst of the conflict of the world, are utterly incapable with their own strength and their own brains of keeping themselves afloat, much less of rendering any service to their fellow-men. Such young men, I care not how much they know, are not educated.

Education is not putting things into a man's memory. Education is not using a boy as though he were a pint pot which you can fill up and then put on the cover. He may be ever so full, and be utterly worthless. A boy may know the names of all the carpenter's tools in the world; he may be able to explain the origin of the ores out of which they are made, and the process of smelting; he may be able to describe their manufacture in its minutest details: you may fill his arms full of all these things that he knows so much about, and yet he may not be a carpenter. He may not know how to use these tools so as to make anything that it is worth while to make. So you may fill a man's brain with all the technical knowledge of the world, of science, of art, of history, and yet he may simply be loaded down with implements, the proper use of which he knows nothing about.

So, too, of a girl. Those things that we call accomplish-

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ments, beautiful and fitting as they are in their place, are not education. Very few of the girls whom I have known in my life should I ever speak of as educated girls in the true sense of the word. I will explain what I mean in a moment. Accomplishments, those graceful accessories of life, are not education any more than the cornices and the frescoing and the carving are a house. They are beautiful as decorations after there is something to decorate. But is it not true that, nine times out of ten, we begin with the decoration and leave the house out of account? A young lady may be able, for example, to *say* bread in two or three languages, and yet be neither able to make nor to digest bread after she has said it. There is no more common, no more wide-spread delusion than lies in the idea that simply the knowledge of things, the knowledge of music, the knowledge of the lists of the kings that have made up the histories of the world, the knowledge of certain things of this sort, are education. They are simply some of the materials that an educated person may use, but they are no more education than the possession of a pile of clay makes a man a sculptor. They are simply the material for an artist to use after he has been trained.

After so much by way of introduction to my theme, I wish to justify what I have said by taking up and discussing clearly and briefly the three or four points I have mentioned as essential to a true education. I shall not be able to do more in so immense a subject as this than to accomplish what a man in the West would call "blazing" one's way through the woods. You know that when a man for the first time goes through a forest where he wishes some one to follow him, or where he may wish safely to retrace his own steps, he chips off the bark of the trees with his axe as he goes along,—"blazing his way," as he calls it; and so he knows again the path that he has followed. I shall not be

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able to do more than that to-day. I trust, however, that you will follow me, and study for yourself this subject, learning how much it means, how deep, how broad, how high it really is.

The first thing, then, that seems to me essential to an education either for man or woman, although it is very largely overlooked in the case of man, and almost entirely overlooked in the case of woman at present,—the very first essential is that he or she shall be trained, at the very threshold of life, to stand independently on his or her own feet, and to control the forces of life that are about him or her, so that he or she may at the very least earn his or her own honest living. What does it mean else? The idea is widely prevalent that there is something disgraceful about working. Men even have hardly outgrown the ignoble superstition, and women have hardly yet begun to outgrow it. Yet, if you will look back the pathway of human history, you will find that it is simply an inheritance from those days when the only noble thing for a man to do was to fight and butcher and subdue and enslave his fellow-men. I do not say that this was not a necessary step in human progress, for I believe it was; but it is something the world has outgrown and left behind. Instead of work being disgraceful, it is the only patent of nobility; and the only nobleman of the world is he who is able to create something for use or beauty,—who is able to take the raw material of this universe, and with artist's skill and power turn it into something beautiful or something useful for his fellow-man. All art, that of the painter and of the sculptor, is simply a handicraft. When the time comes that brains are mixed with labor, when honest purpose is mixed with labor, when man is able to put his own thought and skill and character into his work, all work, from the lowest to the highest, will have about it all the essential

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elements of art, and will be recognized as that which is inherently noble.

Who is the man that does not work? I care not if he have inherited from his ancestors the ability to make himself useless, who is he that does not work? He is the one who takes out of this world, and puts nothing in. Are you aware of the fact that the accumulated resources of the world, all put together, are not enough in themselves for the world to live on more than two or three years at the utmost? What would you think of a man out on a raft with twenty others, escaped from a shipwreck, who, because he was strong enough to take double his share of the provisions and to make those that he could control wait upon him and serve him, should compel them to get out of the water some addition to their supplies every day, and should compel them to do this while he simply consumed from the common store, leaving the rest on the verge of starvation? That is simply a parallel thing to what every man does and every woman does who takes out of the common stock of this world's goods and puts nothing in from birth until the death hour. This, in its essence at least, is what is called by a very strong name,—taking things without paying.

The first thing, then, that every boy ought to be taught is to earn an honest living. He ought to be taught some trade, some successful use of his hands. He ought to be taught something more than merely to get a position as a clerk or to depend upon the guidance or help of a friend. Every boy ought to be taught in such a way that, if you were to throw him down anywhere in this world, he would be able to leap to his feet and control the circumstances about him and make them his servants; and no boy is educated in the truest and broadest sense of the word until he has come as near as possible to this position.

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And what of the girls? I, for one, would say concerning them essentially the same thing. There is nothing ignoble in a girl's being so trained that she is capable of standing independently on her own feet and looking the world in the face, with nothing to fear from it and nothing to ask of it. And in this country at least, whatever is true anywhere else, there is no man, I care not what his wealth or position may be, who is absolutely sure that his daughter, his wife even, may not some day be compelled so to stand. And even if she be not, how much of dignity, how much of self-poise, how much of self-respect, how much of strength, how much of self-control would it add to womanly character, if, after her young girlhood, when she comes to the time when she thinks of pledging her heart and life to some man whom she has learned to love, she can feel that she gives something as well as takes all, that she is his match, his equal. And if the time comes, as it comes so frequently and so sadly, when the young wife and mother, with her little brood about her, stands weeping over the death-bed of him on whom she has depended,— if such a time, I say, does come, how often is there added to all the sense of bereavement and loss and natural sorrow the unspeakable horror of looking at a wilderness world, full of gigantic forces, in the midst of which she is helpless as a child, unable to take care of herself or the little ones that are dependent on her! How many a woman's life, self-respect, and honor would be saved, if it were part of the very first principles of education to teach girls this kind of self-dependence and self-help! I have in mind one woman, as I speak, married, a happy wife and happy mother, who, if her husband were taken away from her to-day, in either one of three or four different departments of human life could take her position with the best of men and ask no odds. And yet she is as womanly, as tender, as delicate,

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as refined as the best of the ladies of Boston; one fitted to go into any society in Boston, and by her refinement and womanly culture to meet and match those who are only, as they suppose, refined ladies, but who would scorn to do the work that she is capable of doing, and who would be utterly incompetent to do it, if they did not scorn it. This, then, is the first grand essential in any education of boy or girl.

What next? As you look out over this world into the sphere of society and politics, of morality, of religion, of business everywhere, you are brought face to face with great problems to be solved. In politics, for example, here are protection and free trade. Which is true? Both are not. Which is really for the interest of the world? Both cannot be. Take it in the matter of social science. There are equally antagonistic questions here. Go into the spheres of morality and of religion. Here are men clamoring on one hand and men clamoring on the other. Here is a great church saying, We have deposited with us the divine and everlasting truth, and nobody else has it: if you do not take it from us, you are under the ban of God and in danger of everlasting perdition. On the other hand, other great bodies are saying the same thing of themselves. Others are laughing at them all. Where is the truth? It is somewhere. The claims of those great churches can be asserted and proved, or they cannot. The claim of those outside, that neither of them has the truth, can be proved or it cannot. Whether there is any truth anywhere, or whether there is not, is a question capable of being settled. How? By reason; by the brain of man in the light of human experience. If a man does not settle these questions for himself in reference to society, to politics, to morality, to religion, he simply drifts, and is of no worth anywhere: perhaps worse than that, because he is in the way of other people

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who cannot do the things they would, while he obstructs the path. If a man, guided by his passions, dislikes, inherited prejudices, casts the weight of his influence all his life in the scale of falsehood, then he is doing a life work that will be cast aside by and by as drift and stubble and as of no real value to the world. A man must be capable of deciding these great questions, or run the peril of making his whole life one long contribution to error.

The first great duty after a man has won the right to stand in the world and take a part in its affairs is to train himself as a competent truth-seeker. I am not exaggerating one whit, when I make the assertion that, if I were to take all the arguments for free trade and for protection, all the arguments for the Church of Rome on the one hand and for the Lutheran revolt on the other, all the arguments for superstition on the one side and for the rational position which we occupy on the other, and were to put them in the hands of the inhabitants of the city of Boston, and ask them to analyze all these arguments and tell me which made out its case, I dare assert that there is not one man or one woman in five thousand who would be competent to answer the question, for the simple reason that they have never been trained as truth-seekers. Most of us have not been trained in this matter. We have simply drifted, inheriting certain opinions, prejudices, and ideas. We have been taught from our childhood up that it was a divine and sacred thing to fight for our particular prejudices, no matter what they might be; that it was right to be loyal to our father's faith, our mother's ideas, to the opinions that have come down to us.

There is only one thing that an honorable man or woman now has any right to be loyal to, and that is *the truth*. The truth can be found out. It can be discovered. If in any

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one department it is settled that it cannot be found, then it is not worth while to fret or worry about that any more. But if in some department it can be found, then it ought to be; and we ought to enlist as soldiers of the truth, and of the truth only, and of the truth always.

We ought then to have it fixed in every child's mind before he goes forth alone into this world that it is his first duty to find the truth, and that, in order to find it, he must put away prejudice and passion, and that he must accept as true only those things that are proved to be true; that he must put in a pile by themselves, as doubtful, those opinions that cannot be demonstrated; and that in estimating evidence his brain ought to be a passionless pair of scales; and that when one side goes down by the weight of evidence on that side, then it is the voice of God and duty that he firmly abide by that decision.

I must be very brief in running over the next two points, simply indicating in boldest outline my idea. After a man has learned to be independent, to stand upon his own feet, to earn his own honest living, after he has learned to be a truth-seeker, and how to decide what is true and what is false, then he ought to be able to go through this life and take out of it all its sweetest and finest and noblest things for his use; and to be able to do this as a honey-bee passes from flower to flower in a garden, extracting the honey without destroying any single flower, either its beauty or its fragrance. A man ought to be able to go through life taking the best things out of it for himself, and not only not injure the world, but make it better as he goes.

In order to do this, the very first thing necessary is so simple and commonplace a thing as health. Whatever your boy or your girl may possess, however cultivated and refined a brain and successful fingers they may have, however keen

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a scent for truth and however loyal a devotion to it they may have, they are worthless in this world, where strength is needed for the battles of life, unless they be dowered with health. They must be taught concerning the wondrous mechanism of this body, and how to take care of it.

And, as essential to any complete education, they should also be taught the laws of ethics or morals, the relation in which they ought to stand to their fellow-man, the duties that they owe, the rights they may demand. For, as the music of the organ depends on its being rightly constructed in the first place and then kept perfectly in tune, so the music of human happiness depends on society being rightly constructed in the first place and then being kept perfectly in tune. That is, a man's happiness in the long run depends on his fidelity and the fidelity of those around him to the laws of righteousness and truth, as demonstrated in the course of human experience.

Then, a man ought to be trained as to the wonder of this human history that has preceded us and of which we are the outcome, the wonders of the stars above him and of the earth beneath him, the wonders of art, the wonders of literature. Why, all about us, though we go like deaf people through a concert room or like blind people through an art gallery,—all about us are untold stores of mystery and marvel that would fill this life full of adventure, full of thrilling interest, if we were only able to comprehend the things that seem so commonplace.

I remember reading years ago about a magician who had the power of anointing his eyes so that he could see all the stores of gems and gold that were hidden in the ribs of the hills, and of anointing his ears so that he could understand the language of the bird-songs about him. My friends, this world is more wonderful, more magical in that sense, than

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any story book or *Arabian Nights* has ever dreamed, if we would only teach ourselves to see and hear. If we would only find the keys to unlock the doors, there are rooms on every hand that are more wonderful than any that child ever dreamed of in a fairy tale.

One thing more. I have spoken of getting out of life its good things. The crowning, the culminating thing toward which all the others lead up as their outcome and result, is that we be so educated and trained as to be able to put into life as we go through it something of the results of our own culture, our own thought, our own labor, so that the world when we leave it shall be richer and nobler and better than it was when we found it. Yet so wonderfully are we all woven together, so wonderfully does the welfare of neighbor turn on neighbor, that you cannot separate your welfare from his. I have said that love and morality are the grand essential conditions of getting the best things out of life. These are the grand essential conditions of your putting anything noble into life as well. When you have made yourself the noblest and best, you have made yourself a fitting servant of your fellow-man, and are thus capable of doing something to make the world better. Seek, then, to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, to make the light of science reach a little farther over the edge of our present experience. Seek to lift off the burden of superstition from men's souls, and let them stand up in God's sunlight, free, his children. Seek to solve some one of the problems of human suffering, to aid in delivering men from the crushing burdens of poverty and crime. Do some little thing by which you shall make the world better.

And if you have been educated well concerning these four things, so that in some slight degree you are achieving success in regard to it; if you are leading your children accord-

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ing to the best of your ability along toward these four things, —you have achieved for yourself and you are helping them to achieve the grandest possible education. But however you train them, however you teach them, however much they know, however many accomplishments they are master of, if they stand helpless in the presence of these four things, then their life is largely in vain.

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The Newspaper,—its Good and its Evil.

Is ANY one inclined to think that the newspaper is a secular topic, well adapted to be the subject of a lecture, but not quite appropriate for a sermon? We are accustomed to read reverently the sayings and the doings of prophet and apostle, saint and martyr, as recorded in that volume which we have come to call, by way of emphasis, *the Book*. It is traditionally appropriate that text and theme should always be taken from that, and that alone. And yet what did prophet and apostle and saint and martyr in his own time? Did he not, standing as he believed on the eternal principles of righteousness, and giving utterance as best he might to the changeless truth of God, fearlessly deal with the men, the institutions, the shaping forces and movements of his own time, that were called secular in his day? And are they not sacred in our thought and association for the simple reason that, like an old ruined abbey, they are hallowed by time? If, then, we will follow these men, if we will do as they did, we in our place to-day shall look at and deal simply and earnestly with the great movements and the molding forces of our own time. And I take it that it will not be disputed that among these the newspaper stands even pre-eminent.

When we consider the place that the newspaper occupies in modern industry, in modern thought, when we consider

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how it is scattered broadcast all over the civilized world, when we remember that one of these white messengers is dropped every day at almost every door in the civilized world, when we consider that it touches politics, society, education, morals, religion, that it colors and shapes all these in the popular thought, and thus becomes one of the mightiest forces to guide the movement of the modern world, shall we not say that it is of immense, far-reaching importance for us to study carefully its nature, to know its position, to mark out its drift, and see what influence it is having on the world; to criticise and mend, if we may, that which in it is evil, and thus see to it, as far as is possible with us as a church, that it becomes an engine for the elevation, and not the degradation of man? And then, when I remember how frequently the claim is made on the part of the newspapers of the country, not an over-modest claim perhaps, and yet an apparently earnest one, that the newspaper to-day is rapidly taking the place of the ministry and the Church, doing the work that used to be done by them, doing it more effectively, doing it a little better,— when I remember that these claims are being constantly made on the part of the newspaper press on its own behalf, it seems to me quite natural that I, as one of those persons to be thrown out of employment by the newspaper, should wish at least to know something of the character of my successor on the throne. I wish to say on my own behalf that a threat like this, or even a promise if it become that, would not disturb me one whit. All that I care for is the uplifting, the educating, the moral and the religious guiding of men. If the newspaper can do it well or do it better, I will gladly take my place as the humble servant of the newspaper, or of any other agency that shall do the work which I am endeavoring to accomplish.

I wish, as indicating the nature of those claims, to read

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just a word or two which I have clipped from time to time from the papers: "Not to be over-modest, it is respectfully submitted that the newspapers of Massachusetts do more good in the world than the preachers." And then, after going on to tell how and in what way they do this, it says, "Will the clergy please digest?"

Another clipping says, "Of the two great teachers of the people, the press and the pulpit, the latter is nowhere in comparison." [I will say that this judgment comes from a source where you would expect to find it,—the Boston *Investigator;* but, as it is quoted and copied in the *Herald* without comment, I take it that the *Herald* has nothing to say against the statement.] It adds that to compare the press and the pulpit is "like comparing the brilliancy of the meridian sun with the faint glimmer of the glow-worm."

I have nothing to say in answer to such expressions as these. My only object in reading them is to place before you one reason for my dealing with this theme in all earnestness and sincerity. I care not by what agency the work of uplifting men is carried on: I only care that it be carried on. But, since the press is making these claims, I wish to consider for a little while this morning the good that the press is doing, and some of the evil it is doing. I shall not do this in any spirit of fault-finding toward the press, but only in the way of careful and earnest suggestion as to certain methods by which it may the more effectually carry on the work which at least the better portion of it is honestly endeavoring to do. I shall note, then, in continuance of my purpose, some of the good that the newspaper is doing to-day; and then I shall note some of the evil; that I may, as far as possible, encourage the one and discourage the other.

I. The first part of my theme I shall not need to enlarge

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upon, only touch and make suggestions, and you yourselves will see how much they mean and may carry them out to their fullest extent.

1. In the first place, consider the work that the newspaper press of the civilized world is doing to-day in the mere matter of diffusing information. Let me say in all frankness and simplicity,— and I say it without overlooking for a moment the defects of the press, without forgetting how much that is trivial, how much that is interesting only for a day and is antiquated by to-morrow is published,— without forgetting any of those things, I say that any earnest, intelligent man might glean from the columns of our best daily papers enough information in the course of the fifty-two weeks of the year to constitute the material of a liberal education. What is there that it does not touch and handle, from the heavens above us to the depths under the earth? All we know of science, all we think about art, the experience of history, the lessons they have given us in the department of sociology, the political experiments of the Old World and of other nations to-day placed alongside our own attempts at reaching an ideal republic, questions of literature, questions of art,— what is there that the newspaper, in the course of the year, does not touch upon and suggest to the thought of every intelligent man? When I remember that enough newspapers are issued in America to furnish every man, woman, and child, old and young, rich and poor, colored and white, with at least one copy every week of the year; when I remember that more than forty millions of newspapers are printed every week, I am amazed at the amount of information on all important topics that is brought within the reach of every thinking man, woman, and child in the civilized world. This subject needs no enlargement.

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2. Another and more important service yet is the newspaper rendering to mankind. There were, two or three thousand years ago, in the heart of Asia, in Greece, in different parts of the world, suggestions and hints of a possible brotherhood of man. It is quoted as a famous saying that one of the old Latin poets was able to write, "I am a man, and nothing that is human is indifferent to me." Sentences like that stand out nearly alone in the literature of the antique world. They stand as two or three stars would stand in the whole wide firmament of night, brilliant simply because separated by almost infinite reaches of space. To-day, every man finds spread out on his breakfast-table the concerns, the doings, the thoughts, the hopes, the fears of the whole world, civilized and uncivilized. What does this mean? It means that the newspaper is doing more than anything else on the face of the earth to make real in the heart of man a sense of human brotherhood. This is what Jesus prayed for, what the world dreams of, what in its ideal and complete fulfilment is far ahead of us as yet. But the newspaper, having its way prepared by the aid of commerce, of navigation, is doing more to-day to make men acquainted with each other, and so to bring them into sympathy, than any or all other agencies combined. It is doing more than all the churches, more than all the religions even, on the face of the earth. The tribes and the nations of men used to be separated by rivers, by seas, by lakes, by mountain chains, by different conceptions of God and of the religious life. The one thing that was needed to develop a sense of brotherhood was to bring them into sympathetic and imaginative contact. Thus we come to know that a heart in Central Asia or a heart in Africa thrills with human hopes and human fears; and that nerves all over the wide world are capable of feeling throbs of pleasure or pangs of pain akin to our own; and

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this knowledge the newspaper brings to us. Nothing can happen — no accident, no great sorrow, no famine, no war, pestilence, or evil of any kind in any part of the world — but straightway we know it at our breakfast table, and feel that touch of sympathy that makes the whole world kin.

3. There is another thing that the newspaper is doing. It is furnishing an arena for free debate on all the great problems of human life and destiny. Ultimately, you and I, churches, cities, communities, States, nations, are governed and guided by the opinions which we formulate and hold. If these opinions are not true to the realities of things, then we are guided wrong; and the result of our efforts is a failure; and we have to begin over again, formulate new opinions and make new trials. One of the grand essentials of any intelligent guidance is that there shall be some way by which opinions may be tested, some standard by which they may be tried, that we may see whether they are fit to survive. The newspaper furnishes such an arena. Every man who has a thought, a project, a plan, an ideal, is free to bring it out here into the light of common day for other men to look at. It can then be found out whether it is a new opinion or simply a dead one resuscitated for the time. It can be found out whether there are other men who agree with him, and whether his idea can be sustained by argument or overthrown by debate. Thus, a general consensus of opinions on religious, political, moral, and educational subjects, all the great themes of the age, can be formulated, which is intelligent and safe to be trusted, because it has been put to the severe test of the thinking and debating of the world. This, then, is another grand service that the newspaper renders to civilization.

4. One other only have I time to mention; and, as introducing that, I will read a claim put forth on its own behalf

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by the newspaper. "The press rebukes sin morning, noon, and night; also Sundays and holidays. By the press, men are kept in wholesome fear of public opinion. Men, who would otherwise go home to-night and beat their wives, fear the truth-telling reporter. Men, who are itching for a safe chance to steal their employer's cash, are restrained by a dread of being pilloried in the public prints. What the ministers say to hundreds is carried by the papers to thousands on Monday morning."

The claim here, which I am ready to grant, with some serious abatements, is that the newspaper press to-day plays the part of a public conscience and of a universal detective. Do you know there is a general, wide-spread opinion on the part of a great many that the world was never quite so wicked as it is now? I shall have occasion later to explain this. That explanation will be found partly in the fact that nobody who is within range of the telegraph, or of a messenger on horseback, or of a pilgrim struggling through the wilderness or over the mountain-top,— nobody is so utterly unknown and far away that he is safe to-day in the commission of any crime or meanness whatsoever. Thousands do escape: but the probability is that his name will appear in the newspaper. And this is the one thing that the average man fears more than he fears God, more than he hopes for heaven or dreads hell. It has been said wittily that the eleventh commandment is, Thou shalt not get found out. It is a commandment that people try to keep; but it is just as difficult to keep it as it is to keep the other ten; and perhaps a little more so.

There are ten thousand things that men of average character would do, if they were absolutely sure nobody would ever know it, who are yet deterred every hour of the day and every day of the year for the reason that they know, if

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they do it and it is discovered, they could never look their fellows in the face. If there were only some way of making concealment of wrong absolutely and universally impossible, it would do more toward abolishing wrong-doing than everything else that can be conceived in this world or the next. The newspaper plays the most important part of any agency in the world to-day in standing thus as a universal conscience and a universal detective. There are, however, some serious abatements from the service which it renders in this direction, of which I shall yet have occasion to speak.

These are only hints as to the service of the press. It would take me an hour to do justice to any one of these points.

II. I wish now to turn to the other side of the picture, and indicate some of the faults of the press, some of the evil which it is doing, some of the reasons why the good which it is doing is crippled and hindered. I shall do this, as I said, in no spirit of fault-finding, but with a serious desire to help discover what are the defects that stand in the way of making the newspaper press of America as grand and noble as it is capable of becoming.

1. In the first place, I wish to indicate a fault from which all of us suffer, from which minister and churches do not escape, but which displays itself in a peculiar fashion in the newspaper, and which cripples much of the good that it attempts to do, and stands in the way of some of its grandest accomplishments. This is the fact that the newspaper is so largely governed by bias of one kind or another in its judgments. How few of the newspapers of America to-day, even those that are grandly endeavoring to be independent, are really so independent that we can feel that here the public conscience and the public sense of right are uttered through the public print.

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The ideal newspaper is the one that gathers all facts that are important to be known, sifts them, arranges them, and then, in the light of these facts, with the sole purpose in view of rendering public service in helping on the right, gives its utterance, and thus becomes the expression of public judgment and public conscience. This is the ideal; but what do we find?

We find some papers endeavoring to reach this ideal: but of the most of them, is it not true, without any slander on my part when I say it, that they are so completely owned by a theory, by a corporation, by a party, by something or other, so committed to foregone conclusions, that nobody who is not extraordinarily innocent would ever think of finding a perfectly unbiassed expression of opinion on any great public question of the day?

A former Prince of Wales, not the present one, it is said, once had a curious inscription placed on the collar of his dog. It read something like this: —

> "I am His Highness' dog at Kew:
> Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

Is it not true that most of the newspapers of America might justly wear an inscription something after that fashion on their collars? Are not most of them somebody's dog; and do you not know beforehand what will make them bark this way or that, or what particular thing they will watch or what decry? Is it not true that you can tell beforehand what such a paper in New York will say concerning any public question? You do not need to read it. If you have read it during the past year, you can tell in advance what will be its judgment concerning any of the great public men and questions of the time. So that people do not go to those papers for an unbiassed opinion; and they would not find it if they did.

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Here comes in a point to which I referred a moment ago. There must be some serious abatement in regard to the part that they play as a public conscience. Do not these papers indulge in such indiscriminate abuse of public men and measures that at last abuse itself comes to mean only compliment spelled backward? It was only a little while ago that a candidate for the presidential office is said to have hired papers to publish the most villanously abusive articles concerning himself; anything to keep him before the public. He knew that the abuse of certain papers in this country large numbers of people would take as a compliment. Abuse dealt in this way comes to mean nothing at all; and so the paper fails to play its part as a public conscience, and plays the part rather of a public blackguard.

This is true not simply of the daily and weekly political papers; but it is true within certain limits, and sadly true, of those that claim to speak for God and the religious life. Here comes in a danger. If I could influence the men and women of America, I would have them read not merely the paper they agree with: I would have them read the paper they disagree with, and strike the balance, and so come somewhere near the truth. As it is, the Unitarian reads the Unitarian paper; the Congregationalist reads the Congregationalist paper; the Baptist, the Baptist; the Episcopalian, his church paper; and so on, through the whole list; until each man lives in a little, narrow, confined artificial world, and wears his blue, green, red or yellow spectacles, through which the whole universe is colored to him. So that it becomes almost impossible for him to give a free, sincere, generous opinion in regard to the great matters up for debate.

2. Truth compels me to go further than this; and to say that, in addition to this bias, this misrepresentation, there

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are reasons why there are only a few papers that I can read with much satisfaction. Why? For the simple reason that I am haunted continually by a question that I cannot answer. What is that question? This: I am reading an editorial, and I ask, Is this the expression of anybody's opinion, or is it a column written to order for the market of the day? To give one or two facts to indicate just what I mean, I will go back a little while. When Moody and Sankey were in Boston, it was quite the thing for the newspapers of the day to devote themselves to reporting what was going on. This was well enough: they ought to have done so. But what else did they do? Some of the papers devoted themselves day after day to writing editorials in which, as I happen to know in a great many cases, the writers deliberately put on to paper and suffered to go into print that of which they did not believe one single word. As one of those writers expressed to me, in a phrase that does not add much to the literary and classical purity of the language, "We are engaged now in doing the heavy religious." That is, it was "the thing" to do then, to write up these matters. Not content with putting it in as news, they were putting into editorial expression opinions which, in some cases, certainly, the writers did not hold or believe to be true.

I know papers, to-day, where it is a part of the regular thing, week by week, to do that. Of course, I have no right to call names; but, if I were brought into a court of justice about the matter, I could give testimony that I could substantiate. It is not true simply in the direction of religion, but in the line of politics. A paper becomes committed from its past history to a particular line of policy, though it may have writers who do not believe in it. If a man, who does not hold the opinions that a paper is advocating, wants employment on that paper, and if he takes a place on the

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editorial corps, he must write to order. He must declare that protection is a necessity, though he himself is a free-trader; that the world can only be saved by certain theological opinions, whether he believes them or not. I am therefore haunted, I say, by this question,—whether I am reading the honest opinions of anybody, or something that is written to be sold to meet the demands of the market at any particular time.

As one other concrete illustration, I remember a case when two persons in a party were talked of as candidates for the same office. There was a good deal of bitterness, some of the papers advocating the claims of one and some of the other. Of course, only one man could be nominated. The district was very close. It was absolutely necessary that there should be harmony after the nomination; and all the newspapers that had been very bitter to the man who was nominated, and had been very certain that he was not fit for the position at all,—these papers most gracefully fell into line the next morning, and declared that the nomination accorded with the eternal fitness of things.

On one occasion, I happened to know that just what the paper had not wanted had happened; but everybody must be in a blissful state of mind. The next morning, one of the writers brought an article, and submitted it to the chief editor for his inspection. He read it with a gathering frown, for just what he himself did not want had occurred. When he got through reading it, he gritted his teeth for a moment, looked up at the writer, and said, "It is a —— lie, every word of it." The writer, not at all troubled by the statement, said, "I know that perfectly well, but shall I print it?" "Yes," was the reply, "you will have to print it." And so harmony was preserved in the party, and everything went along satisfactorily to everybody concerned.

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When I take up a newspaper and read an article in favor of Liberality, or in favor of Orthodoxy, or of free trade, or of protection, I am haunted by the harrowing doubt whether a protectionist did not write the article favoring free trade or the free-trader the one on protection, whether a Unitarian did not write the orthodox article and an orthodox person the Unitarian one. I want to know, when I am reading something that is the utterance of a man's pen, that it is also the utterance of his brain and heart, or else I do not care to read it at all.

3. There is one other defect that I must mention, which I can pass over with a suggestion; and that is that newspapers that claim in their editorials to be ready to step into the vacated shoes of the Church and ministry are, in their advertising columns, helping on the support of everything that they know to be fraudulent, to be false, to be pernicious; and doing it simply because it pays to publish the advertisements. I know one or two papers — there may be thousands that I do not know — that practise the principles they utter; who say, and keep to it, that they will not publish, or allow to be published in their advertising columns, anything which they, as honest and intelligent men, cannot indorse as in the interest of public good. But, if I pick up almost any daily paper in Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, or elsewhere, what do I see? Fraud and humbug and ignorance and stupidity and vice advertised in almost every issue. And I know perfectly well that these things depend on this public advertising for their support. If they were barred out, there are hundreds of them that would die for lack of breath. It is these same intelligent, noble newspapers that are giving them a chance to live, and to suck the very heart's blood out of the community.

But they say, if we do not publish these things, some other

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paper will: it will not be the suppression of them. Do you know that there is not anything ignominious, wicked, or contemptible that cannot be excused by that plea? Suppose I break open a bank, and say that, if I hadn't done it, some one else would, and I might as well have the money as he? Suppose I commit a highway robbery on the same plea? Is there anything I cannot do, and defend myself in this fashion? Apart from this plea, I know not a single one that can be uttered in defence of this course. There might be a confederation among the newspapers, the respectable ones, in the city of Boston, and a pledge given and taken that these things should not be printed in any one of them. This is my suggestion as to a cure. Then there would be no danger in leaving your newspaper around for any member of your family to read; as there is danger to-day.

4. One other point, and I am done with my fault-finding. The newspapers are responsible, as I believe, more than anything else, for the prevalence of the spirit of pessimism in the modern world; for the mean, discouraged opinions concerning human nature, which are so widely prevalent and which are such an important factor in human life. This pessimistic spirit is developed into whole philosophies,—written by men of marvellous intellect,—the very foundation stone of which is that men are just as bad as they can be, and the world as bad as it can be, and that the only thing to look forward to is a general crash and winding-up of the whole affair.

How is it that the newspapers help on this condition of things? How is it that people say there were never so many crimes as now, never such a time of untrustworthiness on the part of one's neighbors and friends? The fact is that never, in the whole history of the world, were there so many

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noble men, so many true women; when society, when governments, when all departments of human life, were in so healthy and hopeful a condition as they are to-day,—never. What is the reason for the pessimistic opinion? Very largely, I believe, it is owing to the method that the newspapers take for reporting crimes. Ten thousand men in Boston to-morrow will meet their checks and pay their honest debts, and nobody but the men to whom they are paid will know anything about it. Somebody will commit a forgery in Boston to-morrow, and the next day it will be told of in all the newspapers, in great head-lines, leaded so as to make as much display as possible; and people will read it, and feel that everybody is ready to commit a forgery that has a chance.

It is the theory in the modern world that nothing is news that is not mean and wicked; or that this pre-eminently is news. A million people behave themselves, but that is no news. Nobody thinks of reporting that, or saying anything about it. But if one contemptible man, any miserable tramp, anywhere in America, commits a meanness, they not only note the fact, but tell us all about it. If there is a drunken broil, a stabbing affray in South Boston or at the North End, not only have we the statement of the fact, but we are treated to a diagram as large perhaps as was devoted to the map showing the war in Egypt, telling us where the kitchen and sink were, where the coal-hole was, and everything else about the place; just where the man stood, where he was when he fell down, just where the body lay when it was discovered, just how much blood there was on the floor,—all these disgusting, slaughter-house details must be spread through every home in the city of Boston.

This is not a matter for light treatment. It is a serious matter; so serious in Europe, that in Germany the reports of

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the crimes in America have really had an important influence on emigration. So great is this influence that there has been a paper started in Germany to tell the common people the real facts of the social and moral condition of things in America. From our papers, they got the impression that everything here is chaos and crime. Why not? Only yesterday, I picked up a paper, and saw it stated that Frank James, in Missouri, who has recently surrendered himself, had been received with such enthusiasm that, the paper went on to say, as its apparently sober judgment, that, if the people of the State could have their way, they would have him in the governor's chair next. Suppose a man in Europe, thinking of coming to America for a home, should see that paper, and take that as a sober opinion? Is there any reason why some peasant should not take it so?

I believe that something voluntary or involuntary ought to be done in regard to this matter, something akin to what is being done in Germany. There, a paper is allowed to state facts, but it is forbidden to parade them. It is this familiarity with crime that does more than almost everything else to foster it. It familiarizes boys with it, and makes them think there is something daring and dashing and notable about the career of a highwayman, that all the newspapers in the country should take so much pains to tell so much about the criminal; and it makes them feel that it is worth while to be that kind of a hero rather than lead a life of humdrum, honest obscurity.

One word in closing. I have made myself very poorly understood, if I have given the impression that the newspaper, on the whole, is doing more harm than good, or even if I should leave the impression that it is doing the thousandth part of the harm that it does good. I believe that it is an engine of incalculable power; and that, in the

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main and in the long run, its power is exerted for the enlightenment and lifting up of mankind. I believe that it only needs that public opinion should be so developed as to make it a losing process for any newspaper to be guilty of these things I have indicated. It only needs this to make it what it claims to be, the most potent factor in moulding and guiding the life of the modern world.

And we, of all others, have reason to rejoice in this. For the modern newspaper, in diffusing the latest teaching of science, in revealing the religious condition of other races, past and present, in scattering knowledge common to the few best thinkers of the world so as to make it the common property of men, is preaching our gospel and doing our work. If true to this function, it cannot help preaching the gospel, first, of intelligence,— wide, free, fearless intelligence ; and then the gospel of the public good, which means, translated into Biblical phrase, the gospel of everlasting righteousness.

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A TRUE REPUBLIC.

To CONSIDER our relations and duties as citizens ought always, whether on week-day or Sunday, to be in order; and yet there are some special reasons why it seems to me appropriate that we should take them up to-day. The President of the United States has recently visited Boston; and forgetting everything else, our partisan feeling, our personal estimates of his character, of his services, we have all gladly and heartily joined together in doing honor to our President,— the President of our whole country. Not only has he visited us, but he has led the interest and sentiment of a nation on a pilgrimage to the grave of that man at Marshfield who, without exaggeration, did more than any other civilian in our country to make possible the perpetuity of this Union and of the government of which to-day we are so proud. Prejudices of time pass away, and at last historic characters stand out in their true light; and the time is coming, nay, has already come, when we shall be able, in spite of all his faults, to recognize the fact that Webster rendered grander service to the whole country than has been rendered by any other one of its civil officers throughout its entire history.

But not only that. We stand face to face with our annual elections, in which come up again for discussion and for decision the great principles which underlie the welfare and

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perpetuity of our government. If to consider what are the principles of a true republic be thought out of place on Sunday; if we turn aside to devote ourselves to the peculiarities of our religious faith, to a consideration of questions of personal and minor morals, to questions of education, to questions of anything of smaller magnitude than our country, while we are indifferent to that, it seems to me that we are like the man devoting himself to selecting a special figure for a carpet on one of his rooms, or for the decoration of one of his walls, or for the carving of a cornice, and forgetting to raise the question as to whether the foundations of his house itself might not be crumbling away or the roof about to fall in over his head. For the country is the house of the nation, the home we live in, that which gives shelter to our religious life, to our educational life, to our moral life. It gives shelter and protection to our business, to our personal and social affairs.

It is not safe for us, any more than it has been for other peoples in the past, to adopt the *laissez faire* theory,—to take it for granted that everything is all right; that, whatever difficulties or troubles other peoples may have encountered, we, for some special reasons, are to be free from them all. We have heard a great deal of talk about the "manifest destiny" of this country; and we have had it a little too much, as I think, instilled into us that we here are set free from the dangers that have threatened the progress and success of other nations in their attempts to build up a stable and progressive government. I know no reason why we should consider ourselves free from these dangers. I know of no changes in the principles which underlie the government of this universe. I know of no change in the principles of right and wrong. I know of no change in the principles of human nature that can make us, here on this

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continent and in the nineteenth century, suppose ourselves to be, by any possibility, exempt from the principles that have wrought either the success or the overthrow of peoples and of nations in other centuries and in other lands. If a man attempts to build a house, the laws of the universe will show no partiality to him. If he forgets the laws concerning the strength of materials; if he forgets the eternally pulling and levelling power of gravitation; if he forgets the force of cohesion; if he forgets any of the principles on which the stability of his structure depends,—then, no matter how trustworthy, how religious he may think himself to be, his house will be down about his ears.

If we have incorporated in our national life any principle of injustice, be sure that principle will make itself felt. If we have forgotten righteousness, or justice, or honesty, or equity in all departments, or in any department of our government, this fact will make itself felt. These are eternal forces. They have the Almighty behind them and in them. They are stronger than any man's thoughts, than any man's dreams, than any structure of government that the world has ever seen. It behooves us then, from time to time, instead of gliding easily and lazily along, to rouse ourselves, and see not only what has been done in the past, but what is being done to-day, and where we are drifting.

To give you some hints in this direction is the purpose I have in view this morning. I shall refrain entirely from what, by any stretch of honest imagination, may be regarded as partisanship; but, at the same time, I shall not flinch one hair from declaring what I believe to be principles of righteousness and of truth, and which are broader than any party.

Let us then consider for a moment two or three great principles that underlie a true republic. They may seem, as

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I announce them, to be commonplace; and yet, as you study them carefully, you will find that these two or three simple principles really take hold of the very foundations of national welfare, and are indeed, in their application, to guide us in the solution of almost every practical difficulty of our national life.

I. The first principle is a very simple one. It is that in a true republic, there should be just the least amount of government possible,—the least government consistent with the public welfare. That principle rests upon two considerations. In the first place, the public has no right to restrict my action, or demand of me a service which is not needed for the public welfare. And, on the other hand, I have no right to ask of the public a service which is not also demanded by the truest considerations of public welfare.

That I may make myself perfectly clear, let us at the outset get in mind the function of government. What does the government exist for? It has a twofold function. First, it exists to define, to detect, and to prevent crime; and also to perform those several public services which the individual or a corporation either cannot perform at all or as well. These two points cover the entire length and breadth of governmental work. And, for the carrying out of these two, every just government on the face of the earth exists.

Let us look at each one of them separately for a moment. Government, as I said, exists for the definition, the detection, and the prevention of crime. This function covers the entire legislation of a people; for a crime is simply a breach of statute law. A sin or vice is not a crime. Vice and sin become crimes only when they pass beyond the limits of personal and private life, and trench upon the public welfare. So that the public, using its arm of government, has a right to stretch out its hand, and say concerning these

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things, "Thus far, and no farther." All legislation, then, all framing of laws, all the endeavor on the part of the government to keep those laws intact, all detection of the infringement of those laws, all repressive or restrictive measures, all measures of punishment, so called, intended to prevent the infringement of those laws, come under the head of this first department of governmental life and service.

I said that there should be just as little government as possible; and you will see what I mean, as I come to apply that remark to both departments of government service. I have a perfect right to do anything I please, on condition that I do not interfere with the similar right of every other citizen to do the same. It is the business of government, then, to see to it that I do not trespass on the rights and liberties of other people, and that others do not trespass on the rights and liberties which belong to me. As mankind progresses in intelligence, becomes more self-controlled in its passions, and more regardful of that which belongs to the nature of a noble man, government may be expected to continue to narrow itself, and become less and less until, in one sense of the word, it will cease to exist. It is then the business of government in this department to make itself less and less, and, if possible, so to develop humanity that by and by it shall cease altogether; precisely as it is my business as a father so to train and teach and govern my children that, as soon as possible, they shall need it no longer, and be a law unto themselves.

When it comes to the government doing that which the individual cannot do so well, though we may have to increase legislation, yet it should be kept within the smallest possible limit. What is this department? It is the rendering of public service which the individual or voluntary corporations either cannot do at all or cannot do so well. As an illustra-

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tion, I may refer to the fact that the government has to build fortifications and carry the mails. The time may come when this principle will apply to the great questions of inter-state commerce, to the management of telegraphs and railroads, and to other matters. The simple truth to be kept in mind is that the government has no right to touch these things until it be demonstrated that the public good demands it; and then it becomes a duty, not simply a right, for government to assume control. I have no word to say as to whether the time ever will come. I only wish to put clearly before you the principle in the light of which the question is to be considered and decided.

There are two points just here that need a little discussion, and I want to give them to you side by side with this principle, so that you may see that it is not merely a random, haphazard opinion, but that I base my judgment on the fundamental equity and justice of human relationships. Governments have been accustomed to do altogether too much, more than they had any right to do in one or two departments. I refer to questions of religion and the question of the public school. I have a perfect right to do anything I please that does not interfere with the rights of other citizens to do as they please. Apply that principle to the question of government superintendence, or interference in any way, in religion. A man does not need to be a Baptist or Unitarian or Episcopalian or Congregationalist, in order to be a good citizen. He does not even need to be a good Christian. A Jew, a Buddhist, a follower of Confucius, a Mohammedan, a believer in any of the great religions of the world, can be a good citizen. Government ceases to be government and becomes tyranny the moment it touches the question of theoretical religion. It is the government's business simply to look after character, morals, and the behavior of

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men in their relations to each other; and it has no right to teach anybody's religion in the public schools, nor to interfere with anybody's religion in any way. It is none of the government's business whether my soul is saved or not, but to look after my life and property while I am a citizen here. When I get over the other side, I shall get under some other dominion.

I believe there has got to be a grand reform in the common-school systems of this country, brought about in the light of this principle, and in accord with it. I know I am treading here on dangerous ground. I feel perfectly sure that many of you who are my best friends will differ with me. I none the less feel that it is my duty as well as my privilege to enunciate those principles which seem to me clearly in accord with the rights and duties of government and citizen as related to each other.

What right has the State in the department of the education of its children? Simply this: it is the business of the public to educate your children and mine to just that extent which necessity demands, in order that they may be fitted for the rights and duties of citizenship,— to teach them the underlying principles of right and wrong, to teach them to get an honest living, and to teach them so that they can cast an intelligent ballot. Beyond that, the State has no right to go. What right, for example, to make the matter concrete, has the public to be taxed to teach my boy Latin, or to teach him anything that is not necessary to his being an intelligent citizen?

It is the sole business of the public to see to it that all the children of this country shall be fitted for citizenship by teaching them the laws of right and wrong first and foremost of all; taught to get an honest living next; taught so that they can cast an intelligent ballot next. Beyond that, I

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would like to have some one show me what single step the State as a State, the public as a public, has a right to go. It is clearly demonstrated by experience that it is the business of the public to do only those things which are for the public good. That is the principle. I will not be dogmatic and say just where the line must be drawn; but the principle is there, and the solution of the problem must come in accordance with that principle. So much then concerning this first great principle of government: that, in a true republic, there should be just as little government as is consistent with the public good.

II. Next, I want to plead with you for another great principle which is eminently practical at the present time. This principle is, that the business of the government, in all its departments, shall be carried on in a business way, in accordance with the principles of honesty, efficiency, and economy. Unless this is carried out, what is the government but one huge, gigantic, million-handed robber? We punish a man that steals a loaf of bread, because it is very easy for a policeman to pick him up and "run him in," as they say. We punish a man who is poor, if he commits a small crime; but the stronger the man and the bigger the crime, the harder it is to punish him.

This is perfectly natural. When you deal with a corporation, it is still more difficult to punish. When you come to the State, if the State choose to rob right and left, if it do the things that would put a man out of society or in the penitentiary for life, there is very little we can do except to refuse to lend it anything more, or emigrate from it. We can only punish it indirectly in this way. When you come to a nation, then the citizen absolutely has no redress. He can only take satisfaction — if it is any satisfaction to him — in thinking that the State, if it goes on in that way and

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pursues such principles, will ultimately be permeated with dry rot, crumble to pieces, and be ruined. But that is very little comfort to a man who loves his country and cares for its prosperity. Yet it is no less theft for a government to take that to which it has no right than for a man. It has no right to use more than is demanded for the public exigency and the public good. It is theft, and yet we have no recourse but to submit.

Let me indicate to you two or three things that seem to me practical applications, growing out of living questions, of this one great principle of performing the business of the country after business methods and according to principles of honesty.

For instance, take the matter of elections. A republic is but a sham and a fraud, unless there is absolute freedom of elections and purity of the ballot-box. By the supposition of a republican government, the man who occupies a seat as alderman, mayor, councillor, representative, senator, president, is lifted to that position by the free suffrages of the people. But suppose my vote does not count because of fraud? Or suppose the man is placed in any one of those positions through dishonest influence of any kind brought to bear upon the elector? He is then no longer the free choice of the people; and this is no longer, in the true sense of the word, a republic.

The entire power of the American Government ought to be rigidly and persistently used, north and south, east and west, until every man is perfectly free to cast any vote he will, and is sure that it will be honestly counted. When that day comes, we shall be a republic so far as that is concerned; but it has not come yet. There must be a change in this respect; and any man found guilty of bribery or intimidation should be unseated, and made forever ineligible to office in this country.

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Take the matter of honesty in the transaction of public business as it applies to so common and simple a thing as our taxes. There has been a wide-spread feeling of indignation in this country concerning national misappropriation of public funds. The government has a right to take just so much, and not a cent more, as is needed properly to carry on the public business. One mill beyond that, if the amount necessary could be accurately ascertained, is just so much sheer theft; and theft on the part of government is no better than on the part of an individual. How does this apply to tariff reform? (For I must bring in subjects that sound very much like a political meeting, and I do not apologize for doing it.) This matter is connected with the tariff; and, in relation to it, there is just one principle to guide us. It is a simple one, though there may be difficulty involved in practically carrying it out. It is simply that I have a right to buy whatever I please and sell whatever I please in any State of this Union or in any portion of this world; and government has no right to interfere with me, except so far as the experience of mankind has demonstrated that such interference is for the general welfare. If you can prove to me that the people are benefited by making me pay twice as much for some special article as I would under free trade, then protection is justified. I am not arguing for or against either of them, but trying only to make clear the principle that I have a right to buy or sell anywhere I please around the world, unless by so buying and selling I am infringing on the rights of other people or interfering with the public good.

Take this again in regard to the matter of civil service. Here again I know that I touch a sore spot with many, but I must touch it nevertheless. What is the principle that ought to obtain in this country? Who are the servants of

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this country, and what are they servants for? Are they the servants of the Republican party, or are they servants of the Democratic party? Are they the servants of anybody but the entire body of citizens? And who has a right to use them, or to assess them, or to intimidate them, or to threaten them, or to punish or reward them, or to do anything with them, except to give them an opportunity and an incitement for the right performance of their public duty as public servants of the American people? That is the principle; and any party, any politician, who infringes that rule, infringes my right and yours. I pay my proportion toward the support of these men that they may perform their public service to the American people, and to use them for anything else is robbery of my pocket and infringement of my right.

III. I have no time to discuss these great questions fully, but must turn to one principle more; and that is one on which, in the long run, the perpetuity and safety of every government depends. Is it not a commonplace in regard to all great successful rulers to say that they largely owed their renown and success to their ability to keep in their employment able, efficient, broad-minded, honest men? Queen Elizabeth and her great ministers, whom she knew so well to select and keep in office; Victor Emmanuel, himself possessed of no great learning or genius, with his able advisers; Napoleon, with his great generals and marshals; Washington, with his illustrious co-workers,— all show how largely success is due to the ability to choose proper men for lieutenants, men to be trusted for honesty and brains. What is the lesson as applied to our national affairs?

It is this: The one thing we need to-day, more than platforms and enunciations of principles on either side, is such an arrangement of our public business as shall appeal to the

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ambition of and open a career for the best and the greatest men in America, instead of having, as we are having now, pettifogging, calculating, puny men, men without conscience or brain. We need such a reform of our administration as shall make great men want to serve the country. And, after they have been selected to serve the country, they should want to remain in that service, and we should want to keep them there. I do not mean to bring any railing accusation against our public servants, as they are to-day. Undoubtedly there are as great, as fine, as true men in our service as we have been accustomed to have in the past. And yet does not every man know that it is true, that it is coming to be more and more true, that we cannot elect our best men? When a new man is sought for as a candidate for office, is the question asked: Is he the wisest, the strongest, the best man? Is he the man with the largest conscience, the noblest devotion to duty? Is it not rather whether he is available,—true of one party as much as another,—and by available is generally meant whether he is rich enough, and if he wants to go enough to, pay an immense sum for campaign expenses? If it does not mean that, it means, Is he pliable enough to make the requisite number of promises and bargains with managers of primaries and bosses? Is his conscience small enough so that it can enter any aperture, however minute it may be, in wriggling his way to Washington?

In neglecting this grand business of getting our *best* men into office, we are repeating, over and over again, what seems to me unspeakable folly. And, if we do get a good man in, we turn him out again and put some one else in his place just as soon as he learns the proper discharge of his duties. To whom do the offices belong? Who has a claim on them? Has a party a claim on the service of the country?

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Has a particular man such a claim, except as he has rendered some grand benefit? Is it somebody's turn next to go to Congress, or to fill one of the great offices of the country? What do we mean by this? Is it not your right and my right as citizens of the country to have the best servants we can get, and then keep them in their positions? What do we have them for, except to perform their public duties? And by what principle shall we justify this perpetual rotation in office? It seems to me such unspeakable folly that I wonder any sensible man ever defends it. Suppose R. H. White, or Jordan & Marsh, should have the positions of their clerks depend on elections. Suppose the Democrats carry the election, and therefore all the clerks from the highest to the lowest should be turned out, and Democrats put in their places; and this not according to their fitness for those places, but according to chance, or to whose turn it was to have a place next. How long would any business prosper under such management? It is only because the government is so great, it is only because it is so rich that you cannot bankrupt it very easily, that we are able to keep on the public business at all after so utterly idiotic a fashion. Our method of carrying on the public business would bankrupt any private business in America or Europe in six months. It cannot be defended by one principle of common sense.

We need, then, such a change in our system as shall call to the front our best men and give them a career, and enable them to stay in their positions after they have learned their duties, so that, after five, ten, twenty years, they shall do it a great deal better than they could at the outset.

But to-day what do we see? We put in our platforms what we do not do, and leave out what we do. What do we say to our public men in effect? Take any man elected

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to Congress. The system which we practically encourage and support says: Go to Washington, forget mere partisan prejudices and ends, do your duty strictly as a servant of America, go and perform your work as a conscientious and faithful public servant, care nothing for the advice or influence of local "bosses" or managers of primaries, do not buy and sell and bargain, and trade this way and that, have no personal favorites, make yourself a public man in the true sense of the word, and, as a reward for all this, you shall have the privilege of retiring to private life after the next election. We say, on the other hand, in reality: Go to Washington and forget all about the country, remember you are a Democrat or a Republican, not an American, remember the friends behind you who helped "boost" you up into your position, get an office for Jack or Mike or Tom, cater to the party manager and the local boss and the manipulator of the primary, do anything under heaven except public business, and you can go to Congress as long as you please; or until some other fellow, who thinks he has a stronger claim or is a better wire-puller, gets in ahead of you.

This is what our public system says to men. Can you expect a self-respecting man to subject himself to such influences, to be manipulated and controlled by them? This system will not put our best men into office.

I believe in the level-headedness and honest-heartedness of the great mass of our people; but remember that a false, corrupt principle, once admitted into the management of public affairs, will work its own way in spite of the honesty of the people who are swept on by it, but cannot control it.

The logical outcome of the present system will be to drive our noblest men away. And so what we need to-day is to look at the underlying principles of the system of our government, and see that they are right and healthful and true.

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I believe we only need to discuss these questions in an open way, that we only need to make the men of this country see which way they are going, and which way they ought to go; then I believe there is honesty and truth enough in this people to make them build up here, on American soil, that which they claim to have founded, and which I believe they have founded,—the grandest government that ever existed under the blue heaven above us. And, when we have done this, we may join with our beloved poet in those familiar, those grand and noble words:—

... "Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

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PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

THE problem for the industrial world to solve consists really of four parts: First, there must be abundant production for the supply of all the material wants of the people in any particular country. In the next place, there must be something like a fair and equitable distribution of those products, so that each member of society shall obtain somewhere near the share to which he is entitled by the services which he has rendered. Added to this, if society is to make any advance, there must be a constant increase in the total quantity of the wants of society. And not only must there be an increase in quantity, but an elevation in quality. That is, people ought progressively to want more things and better things. Along with this increase and elevation of wants, there must, of course, be a parallel increase in product, or in ability to supply these wants. These four things then are necessary,— enough for all, an equitable distribution of this abundance, an increase and elevation of wants, and a progressive increase in supply. These four things constitute what we mean by an advancing civilization.

We learn from history that the human race in its progress has passed through four grand phases of industrial life. It has taken on successively four types or methods of industrial production. I do not mean that all the world at once has been engaged in one of these, and then that it has been

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engaged in the next, and then in the third and fourth. For, if we take any particular period in the history of the world, we shall find that these methods are mixed, mingled, and overlapping each other. And yet the four are so distinct, so separate from each other in the ideas and principles which underlie them, that it is quite easy for us to separate one from the other, and look at each by itself.

These four are as follows: When society emerges from the primeval darkness and mystery, so that we can say, in any true sense of the word, that society exists, we find that its industrial system, so far as it had anything which deserved that name, was what we may call a tribal communism. That is, in each little tribe, whatever property they had was held in common. There was nothing like our modern individual ownership.

The next step beyond this — and, though it may seem to you like a step downward, it is really a step in advance — was slavery. Some tribe, strong and powerful enough to impose its will upon the conquered members of another tribe, instead of indiscriminately massacring and putting them to death, chose to preserve their lives and make them serve them. This was the second great type of industrial production,—mastership on the one side, and slavery on the other, with all the labor practically performed by the slaves.

The third type was that which is found existing under the names of serfdom and feudalism, where each man was either bound to the soil or bound to the trade in which he happened to be born or bound to the service of a particular master, and compelled to live within those conditions wherein he was born. The ages outgrew that, and in outgrowing it, for the first time emerged into what we are accustomed to call the modern world. And this modern system, what is it? The system of free contract and open competition. And,

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under this system, modern society has made all the progress that has been attained. Under this, it has reached its present level of civilization.

And yet, in spite of all this progress, poverty and pauperism remain, not to mention other and graver evils. I confine myself to poverty and pauperism because it is the material side of this industrial civilization of which I purpose to speak almost exclusively this morning.

Since poverty and pauperism remain, there are large numbers of people, who perhaps have not sufficiently investigated the principles underlying the problem, who are ready to assume that the poverty and the pauperism are produced by the system under which we live and carry on the industries of this modern world. Many are discontented, many are ready to go so far as to say that the whole system ought to be abolished, that there should be an entire revolution in our methods. They go so far as to say that, under this system, the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer.

Growing out of their feeling of discontent is the conviction that something radical ought to be done. In this condition of affairs, then, it is of immense importance that we find out in the first place just how much it is possible for society to do; and then, in the second place, the best method of doing it.

These, then, are the two main points to which I shall ask your attention: —

I. There is a general impression in the world — I used to share it more or less before I studied the matter — that the wealth of the world is something almost incalculable, something immense, and that, if it were only equally distributed, everybody might be practically rich. What is the real truth of this matter? Is it possible, in the present condition of

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the world and with all our machinery for production, unequalled in any past history,—is it possible that the great majority of men should be much richer than they are to-day?

It is very easy for us to go to statistics and find out the total wealth of the State of Massachusetts, for example; and this I suppose to be as rich as any State in the Union, if not the richest. And, when we have found out the total wealth, it is very easy to divide that by the number of people in the State, and see what the share of each would be, if it were equally divided among them all. Perhaps you are not quite ready for the answer to that, unless you have paid it some personal attention. But the value of all the capital of the State of Massachusetts, divided equally among its inhabitants, would give us each, at the utmost, about $600 apiece.* If, instead of the saved wealth of the State, you take the total product for any one year, and divide it up among the inhabitants, it would give us only about $200 apiece. So that there is not wealth enough in existence, in even the richest part of the world, to make the great mass of the people very much better off than they are to-day.†

It is something striking and impressive, as I think of it, to conceive the inhabitants of this world as a vast army on the march, carrying only about so many months' means of subsistence with them. If all the production of the earth should suddenly cease, do you know how long the world could live? Every man, woman, and child would be dead in less than a year and a half. There is not enough on the globe to keep us in existence more than a little over a year. See what a mere hand-to-mouth life it is that the old world still lives, after all our boasted progress, after all the inven-

* In most European countries the amount would be considerably smaller.

† And if this equal division were really made among the competent and the incompetent, the frugal and the spendthrift, the good and the bad, how long would the equality continue?

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tions, all the aid of machinery, and all that has been done. So we see that, if all the rich men should surrender their wealth, and turn it over to the poor to be equally distributed among them, it would not make us all rich.

Not a great while ago, some agitator is said to have written a letter to Rothschild, the richest man in the world, propounding this principle, and urging it on him as his duty to divide his possessions with his poorer fellow-creatures. Rothschild sent him a very kindly letter in reply, enclosing a small amount, perhaps an English shilling* and saying that he was ready to agree to the justice of the demand, and would begin the division with him by giving him his share. If Vanderbilt should divide his property among the people of this country, it would give us perhaps $2 apiece, hardly enough to buy a pair of gloves.

I speak of these things in detail, that you may see that we cannot look in this direction for wealth for all the people of America, for the simple reason that there is not enough in the world to go around, and make us all very much better off than we are to-day.

II. This being so, the next question is as to what method we shall adopt for the production and distribution of wealth. There are really only two methods for us to consider and choose between.

Of the four great systems that I have spoken of, no one would propose to go back to feudalism (serfdom), or slavery. There are only two left, communism as a method of ownership, and co-operation as its corresponding method of production; and, on the other hand, individualism as a method of ownership, and free competition as the method of production. We must choose between these two.

Although there is a very hopeful sound about the word "co-

*"Nine sous," says Heine.

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operation," although it carries with it a suggestion of brotherhood and helpfulness, yet, as a matter of fact, this system of communism in ownership and co-operation in production was the system of barbarism. It is the place where the world started. It is the place that the world long since left behind; and unless our entire civilization is a mistake, unless the whole trend and drift of the world's affairs are wrong, then we must accept the fact that communism was something that was once in existence, but that the world, as it grew wiser and better, left behind, taking in its place something else. And yet, lest I be misunderstood, I wish to say right here that the fundamental principle and demand of the communist is simply justice and right. I am a communist to this extent: I believe that property has been created in the first place by society. I believe, in the next place, that, since property has been created by society, society has an undoubted right to demand that the total property of the world shall be so used that the largest good of the majority shall be subserved by it. This, when you analyze it carefully, is the underlying principle of communism; and that principle, as thus interpreted, I accept.

You say, I have earned so much money, I have created it. In a certain sense, that is true. In a very important sense, it is not true at all. Suppose I have a house on Commonwealth Avenue worth $50,000. Suppose, instead of being on Commonwealth Avenue, it stood in the midst of an immense prairie, a hundred miles from any one else: would it then be worth $50,000? It might be worth nothing, except as a shelter from the rain and wind. It might have no market value at all. Suppose I had half a dozen diamonds worth an immense amount of money, and were transported to a lone island in the Pacific, like Robinson Crusoe, and compelled to stay there for years without seeing a human face:

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how much would my diamonds be worth there? Just as much as so many pebbles. I should not even care to wear them, with no human eye to see their brilliancy and appreciate their worth.

What gives anything its value? The human desire for it. It is human desire that gives everything on the face of the earth its value. It is because men are gathered together in society, because some one else wants your diamonds and your houses, and is willing in exchange to pay for them something you want as much, or more, that such things have value. Apart from that, the word "value" would fall out of use. It is the fact of society, the fact that men live together in communities, that creates the worth of all the things that you possess. And your house in Boston is worth more than it would be in Framingham or in the western part of the State, for the simple reason that here is a larger aggregation of people, with more business going on, and a larger, more compact, and more highly organized society. It is then the fact of the existence of your compact and highly organized society, with its infinite variety of wants and willingness to take almost anything you can produce in exchange for something you want in return, that creates the value of anything.

It is, then, society that has created the wealth of society; and society owning that wealth has a perfect right to demand that it shall be used in such a way as to help on the largest amount and the highest kind of social welfare. Every time you pay a tax, you confess the principle on behalf of which I am now arguing. You confess that society has a right to at least some of the money that you own; and in the time of war, when there was a larger necessity, you confessed that society had a right to a larger share of your personal earnings and property; and in the last resort a right to your very life. Here, then, is the principle which underlies the de-

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mands of communism, the principle which gives strength to those who theorize and argue in favor of co-operation.

Yet, while I admit this principle, I do not believe in practical communism, and I do not believe in practical co-operation as an industrial method for the production of wealth. I believe in individual ownership and in the freest possible competition, and I believe in this for a purely practical reason. I believe that the welfare of society is better served by this method than it would be by any other. I believe that your welfare and mine are reached in a larger degree in the long run, year by year, by your owning your property and my owning my property, by your doing by free competition the best you can in your place, and I in my place the best I can. It comes then to this purely practical question, as to what method will best subserve the public interests. Experience and reason must decide. Let us then look and see.

1. I have intimated that the world has really made progress from the time when communism and co-operation were the rule up to the present hour. I know also that this may be explained in accordance with other ideas and after other principles. Not only has society made progress from those first rude beginnings, but the society of this country has made immense progress in this matter of the production and distribution of wealth even during the last forty years.

If you have read a good many articles and heard a good many speeches on this subject of so-called labor reform, you may have got the impression that, in the great commercial centres, the tendency is toward the degradation of labor, the reduction of wages, and the crowding of men down to the point of actual want and starvation. But what is the plain matter of fact?

Let us take a case which is typical perhaps, because it is one which is more frequently than any other used as an illus-

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tration of what is claimed to be true in the opposite direction. Take the case of the cotton mills at Lowell. I remember the time, when I was a small boy, when the operatives at Lowell used to publish a little magazine,— I have forgotten even its name *— which I used to see. And this is frequently referred to as showing the high grade of intelligence that was then called into service by those great corporations. And it is said that the operatives of no mill in the country could do such a thing to-day. If this is true, why? For the reason that the machinery now used has been carried to such a degree of perfection that this high grade of intelligence is set free to go into some other occupation, while the person of less intelligence is capable of doing the necessary work. At the same time, the number of hours of labor has been reduced. It used to be thirteen hours: now, it is ten or eight. Not only have the hours of labor been reduced, but the actual amount of wages has been increased since my boyhood,— increased to very much more than they were at that time. The wages are not only increased in gross amount, but a dollar to-day will buy a good deal more of the necessities of life than a dollar would then. So that by this principle of competition, even in a cotton-mill, which is usually taken to be the worst representative of the system, the hours of labor have been reduced, and wages have been increased absolutely as to amount and relatively as to purchasing power. The laboring classes throughout the country, under this principle of competition, have actually gained immensely during the last few years.

Just look over the country to-day: then take a contrasted backward look. Look at the reality, not reading concerning the Middle Ages in one of Scott's novels or in the poetry that throws a glamour of romance over the past, but

*The *Lowell Offering*.

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look at it as a plain matter of fact, and what do we find? Our ordinary clerk in Boston to-day, the common farmer throughout New England, the operative in many of our mills, are better off in all that makes life worth living, materially, morally, intellectually, spiritually, than were the nobles in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

I remember two years ago, when I was abroad, thinking over this question as I was walking through the palace of Holyrood, the home of Mary Queen of Scots, I tried to call up a picture of the life she led. Of course, the facilities for travel were next to nothing. There were very few books and those of the poorest quality; no newspapers, no magazines, very few musical instruments. There was no printed sheet-music such as we have to-day, no telegraphs, no means of finding out what the world was doing. There were no broad sympathies or interests in the condition of human affairs. Then, when we come down to the veriest comforts of life, few of our farmers, operatives, or clerks, but live better from day to day than she did, so far as fire, gas, carpets, and the various comforts of home are concerned. Those, therefore, who are troubled with the question whether the world under our free contract system and race of competition is going down hill or not, may very easily satisfy themselves as to the fact by looking back a little way, and estimating the real conditions in which people lived in the old days. Had I time, I might show that this is true in every department of human life.

2. Another thing in favor of this system of competition in the production of the wealth of the world lies in human nature itself. We must deal with men as they are. They are not angels. They are not perfect. They are not entirely unselfish; and we must have a system that shall apply to them motives such as they will feel, such as they

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will care for and be moved by. It is a fact that a man will work a great deal better, more hours in a day, under this system of individual ownership, than he will if he thinks everything he possesses is to be turned into a general fund for the general good of the universe. It is perfectly natural, and we cannot help it. Our sympathies, feelings, loves, start at home. We are willing to work, even to die, if need be, for those we love. Then, we enlarge that circle a little to those that are connected with us by blood, those who are friends and neighbors, and thus broaden out our sympathies under the influence of an imagination that pictures their lives, hopes, fears, sufferings, and joys as like our own. We thus enlarge and broaden our world, until at last we can feel the touch of sorrow, the thrill of joy all round the globe. But it must begin at home. Men will work harder for those nearest to them, whom they love most and care for most; and this is human nature. It is not selfishness. There is not a word in the English language so much abused as this. Selfishness means that a man is willing to benefit himself by injuring somebody else. He may work and struggle night and day upon that which he most desires, and there may not be a tinge or touch of selfishness about it. It is simply self-regard, self-love, a desire to get things for himself and for those for whom he cares. The man who has labored year after year to gain the best things for himself may, through that very effort, be doing the best he possibly can for the general welfare of the world. It is a question of fact whether he is or not: it is not a question to be assumed. Competition, then, appeals to those mightiest motive forces in the human heart; and, under this system, men will be practically certain to produce more than they will under any other. And, if more is produced, then there will be more to divide; and each one will have a larger share.

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3. There is another principle: Under competition, the management of large amounts of wealth falls naturally into the hands of those men who are the most competent to manage it. We are all engaged in what may be called, to borrow a phrase from current civil service reform, the "competitive examination" for practical life. And the man who, as the result of this examination, has developed the ability to grasp and control a large fortune, is the man who has been proved, by experience, to be capable of doing it best. Of course there are untoward accidents that may trip a man in the race of life, that may not imply any lack of ability on his part; but, in the long run and as a general truth, in a free country like this, the man who has accumulated a large fortune in open competition has proved himself by that fact alone to be the proper man to employ that fortune.

Under the system of co-operation, suppose you group together thirty, forty, or a hundred men in any particular business, and elect a man to take charge of the business affairs. All sorts of motives may come in that do not bear on the question of his fitness as a business manager. An incompetent man may be elected; and, instead of making money, money is lost, and the total community is poorer by the amount of that loss. This, then, is the principle under free competitive individual ownership: that the man who is best capable of managing large amounts of money will be the one into whose hands the money will fall for management.

Then suppose there were twenty or a hundred co-operative groups; these groups would, of necessity, compete with each other. And, if the whole nation were one co-operative group,—if such a thing were possible,—still it would have to compete with other nations. The principle cannot be escaped except in another kind of world and with another kind of humanity.

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And, under the working of competition, the man who succeeds is really chosen to that success by popular suffrage. A purchase at his store is a vote in his favor. He is thus practically elected to the position he holds and the work he accomplishes.

4. Now let us look at this dreadful thing, competition, and see what it is? What does it mean? Does it make the country poorer or anybody in it poorer? From whom does it take wealth? To take a concrete example, let us look at the competition between two large dry-goods firms of this city. How does it work as applied to them? Competition in this case simply means that each is using all its wits, combined with the practical experience and wisdom it possesses, to furnish the people of Boston with dry goods cheaper than anybody else. Their business success depends upon it, and in every way the consumer is benefited. The only ones that it ever injures, and those only incidentally and temporarily, are those who, on wages, produce the things which these firms deal in, and who have their wages kept down to the smallest possible amount for which the work can be done. Yet it cannot be crowded down beyond the limit of living wages, or the business would come to an end; and, in a free country like this, there is no person who is compelled to work for either firm. There is no slavery; and even these very persons, if they wish to purchase of the goods sold by their firm, are helped by the general lowering of prices.

Competition, then, means using all the ingenuity that man can possibly control for the production of goods in the largest quantities and at the lowest possible price. And that means abundance and easy distribution, on the whole, and in the long run. You cannot avoid that conclusion. That is what it means put in practice.

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5. There is one other principle I must mention. Under co-operation, labor must get its pay last; and labor cannot wait, while capital can.

Let me illustrate what I mean: Suppose a hundred men combine to form a co-operative association. They must first pay their expenses for the business, and then they find out about how much they have left; and this they divide up *pro rata* among the workmen. The workmen must wait and get their pay last under co-operation; and, if the company has earned nothing, they get no pay at all. Under competition, on the other hand, labor gets its pay first; and it gets it anyway, what there is of it. If a man goes into a business that he is not capable of managing, he has to pay his labor anyway; and, if he loses in the operation, he bears the loss alone. This one principle alone is sufficient to condemn co-operation as a business method, and establish competition in its place.

6. There is one point more. That is the supposed evils of the gigantic monopolies that grow up under this system of competition. People say that the rich are growing richer, and the poor are growing poorer; that the multiplication of machinery, the building of railroads and bringing them under the control of one manager, the concentrating of telegraph lines and of manufacturing interests, and having them under the control of special men, is tending to create these great money centres and money powers, and is monopolizing the welfare of the world. Let us look at the principle involved.

Two or three years ago there were pamphlets published and discussed, tending to show that the invention of new machinery, by throwing men out of employment, was one of the great causes of the evils under which we suffer. Let us see. The amount of wealth which we can produce in Massa-

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chusetts to-day, with the help of machinery, telegraphs, and all the appliances of modern civilization, is created by and distributed among a population of about one million six hundred and fifty thousand. In order to produce the same amount without our machinery and modern appliances, it would take the labor of nine millions. That, of course, would mean a good deal lower grade and kind of labor. The wealth that Massachusetts produces to-day is divided up among her less than two million inhabitants. If it took nine millions to produce the same amount, and that amount were to be divided up among the nine millions, each of us would get less than one-fourth of what we now get. In other words, we are able to produce by our machinery and our methods at least four times as much as we could produce without them; and, as this is to be distributed among the entire population, the chance is that we shall get at least four times as much as under the other method.

But, it is said, does not capital get a very disproportionate share? Is it not a robbery? Does it not take that which belongs to labor? Some capitalists undoubtedly are unjust and exacting, hard and selfish, crushing out not only their competitors, but crowding down their laborers to the last point above starvation; and yet, as bearing on this, let us look at a few figures. Perhaps you will be surprised at them. How large a proportion of the production of any particular year, in Massachusetts, for instance, does capital take for its share, and how much goes to labor? Nearly ninety-five per cent., perhaps quite that amount, of the entire production goes directly and at once to labor. And a large part of the remaining five per cent. goes to labor indirectly. That is, it is paid out to the milkman, the marketman, for domestic service, and in a hundred directions; so that probably not more than two or three per cent. of the entire pro-

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duction of this State is retained by capital as interest on its money, or in the form of rent, or for producing new or improved machinery. This does not seem so very unjust and hard. And two further things should here be borne in mind. First, but for capital, labor would be practically helpless. And secondly, under competition, the percentage on his investment that the capitalist can obtain tends perpetually to decrease.

Then there is another thing. These men that have made their immense amounts of wealth under this system of free competition, how have they made them? Have they ground it out of the poor? Some of them have. Let us look at some of the conspicuously rich men. Take the one who gets the most abuse in the papers. Perhaps he deserves it; I do not know. Yet look at Vanderbilt. He may not personally be a benevolent man. Indeed, he is reported to have used some very emphatic language lately as indicating that he did not care anything about the public, that he was looking after the interest of William H. Vanderbilt. Where did his property actually come from? Of course he inherited it. Go back then to his father, who happened to live at the time of the transition in the carrying of persons and property in this country, when the era of the stage-coach and canal-boat gave way to the railroad and the steamship. Having proved his ability in the old methods, he was wise enough to see what was coming, and to take advantage of that. And so he became controller of this great system of railroads linking the West with the East, and he made a colossal fortune out of it. But did he make this fortune by making anybody any poorer? I answer, *No.* This grand fortune of Vanderbilt is simply a small percentage on the millions on millions of money that he saved for this country. That is, Vanderbilt has given, through the services which he

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rendered to this country, millions of dollars more than all that he kept as the light percentage on the service he rendered. To-day, as the result of Vanderbilt's owning and controlling these great lines of road, any laboring man can bring from the West flour enough and meat enough to subsist him for an entire year for less than $1.25, less than a single day's wages. Simply in this matter of transportation from the West to the East, Vanderbilt has conferred a benefit compared with which the gigantic and colossal fortune which he has kept out of it is only a fragment, a small percentage on what he has really saved for the people of this country. If he should arbitrarily put his business into the hands of men not competent to manage it, we might lose more in the matter of transportation in the next ten years than the entire fortune put together.

Take the same principle and apply it to that other so-called monopoly, the Union Pacific Railroad, cursed and abused by almost the whole people along the whole line. It may have been managed selfishly, cruelly; and yet, if it were not for that and such instrumentalities, we should have had no Union to-day. Had it not been for these iron nerves that bind the whole country together, and really make us one in interest, thought, and purpose, the Union itself could not have been preserved.

Such a thing as a monopoly, in the worst sense, does not exist in this country, and cannot exist for any length of time. It was a monopoly, in the true sense of the word, when the King of France in the old days conferred upon a favorite the privilege of manufacturing all the gloves or spectacles used in the entire kingdom. That is a monopoly. There is nothing of that kind in this country. There cannot be, if everything is open and free. If a man has a monopoly, it is simply because he has a monopoly of brain and

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practical ability. But he cannot keep it. He will die by and by, and there will be a change. Cornelius Vanderbilt happened to have a son nearly as capable as he was of taking charge of property and keeping it together, but the chances are that *he* will not have such a son. When such fortunes are broken up under the principle of free competition, the fragments go into the hands of men of proved capacity for doing the work. Where is the monopoly of Stewart gone to? That was a monopoly of a certain kind, so long as he kept his hand on everything. The moment his hold was relaxed, it crumbled into nothing. In this atmosphere of freedom then, there can be no lasting monopoly.

The land monopolies of England and Ireland, which are sometimes spoken of as contradicting this truth, are not the result of our modern system of competition at all. They are only survivals of the feudal system that the modern world has not yet outgrown.

When we look at the total amount of wealth in the world, when we look at the possibility of production for any particular year, it is perfectly plain to us that the only way by which the world can become better off is by producing more, and then doing all possible to secure an equitable and just distribution of this production. Progress means opportunity first, then capacity, then industry, then economy. These are the only ways by which wealth can be created. But, for many ages yet, this human army on the march will have its incompetent, its stragglers, its diseased, its poor, those who cannot keep up, those falling out by the way, those purposely endeavoring to shirk their share of responsibility. But there has come, as a result of this natural process of evolution through which we have gone, such tenderness of pity, such mutual helpfulness, such an amount

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of justice, of charity, that more and more, year by year, the weak and those that fall out by the way are being lifted up, kindly helped, taught, and developed into the noblest of which they are capable.

I believe then that this world is a sane world, that the laws of its progress are divine laws, that humanity is on the whole on the right road toward the best attainable future, and that what we need is simply all the knowledge and all the care it is possible for us to apply to perfect the principles and methods that are already at work. And thus shall come the kingdom of man, the same to my mind as the kingdom of our Father who is in heaven.

NOTE.— For facts and figures employed in this discourse, the author feels that he is indebted — more than to any others — to Messrs. Edward Atkinson and Carroll D. Wright. He wishes therefore to make this general acknowledgment.

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RELIGIOUS TRANSITION.

ONE very strange characteristic of great transition epochs in the history of the world, and one as common as it is strange, and the stranger because so common, is the unconsciousness, on the part of the great body of the common people, and also on the part of the majority of the leaders of human thought, as to what the world is doing,—an unconsciousness of the real significance and meaning of the movement of which they are a part. As an illustration of what I mean, I need only ask you to remember the opening of our late war. How many people believed that we were really going to have a war, that the principles and interests at stake were so mighty that they had gone beyond individual and political control? You well remember how so astute a politician and far-seeing a statesman as even William H. Seward told us that it was only a little breeze that would blow over, at the most, inside of ninety days. And our President, feeling in the first instance, as he did all the way through, the pulse of public opinion, did not dare to call out the troops for a longer period than three months. I simply speak of these facts to illustrate how unconscious even the great actors and leaders in the epoch periods of the world's history are of what they themselves are doing, of what is to be the outcome or issue of the movements at work around them.

As another illustration, look at the period just preceding

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the French Revolution. Louis XVI. had no idea that it was anything more than an ordinary disturbance on the part of the people,—a riot, that might be put down or swept aside by a royal hand. And yet it was a torrent to sweep away thrones and drown dynasties. It was the overthrow of monarchies and the uprising of the people; and not only in France, for the meaning of the movement is not done yet. It holds in its hand other, perhaps not so bloody, revolutions still to come.

And, when Christianity itself came into the world, how many people living at that time knew what it meant, or dreamed of its far-reaching significance? The great writers of the age, so far as they referred to it at all, treated it with simple contempt. It was a little, insignificant uprising of a few people following a fanatic leader. And after it had been in existence for generations, after it had invaded Rome, after it had invaded the priesthood, after it had its emissaries and its followers in the royal household itself at Rome, even then there came sweeping back over the empire, like a refluent tide, a new and grand revival of paganism, that swept away in its current the reigning emperor himself, and convinced the majority of the people of the time that Christianity was something no more to be heard of.

We talk a great deal about the present religious transition through which the world is passing. Preachers speak of it, the newspaper refers to it, lecturers touch on it, reviews and magazines are full of it; but how many of you, how many of the world's wise leaders and thinkers to-day, are really awake to the nature of this transition, to its origin, its cause, to its profound significance, to its far-reaching results? To help you, if I can, to comprehend the time in which we live and the movements of which we are religiously a part, and to point out a few of the difficulties and dangers incident to

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this great transition, is the work which I have set before myself for this morning. I will read just a word from that famous *North American Review* article of Mr. Beecher's, that you may see how he puts the matter, and whether he has been logically consistent or not; that you may see what he says, sitting quietly in his study. Then, I will point out a few instances that make it a necessity that this transition should come now, and which show why it could not have come before in the history of modern thought, and what a tremendous revolution it implies. Mr. Beecher says: "To admit the truth of evolution is to yield up the reigning theology; it is to change the whole notion of man's origin, his nature, the problem of human life, the philosophy of morality, the theory of sin, the structure of moral government as taught in the dominant theologies of the Christian world, the fall of man in Adam, the doctrine of original sin, the nature of sin, and the method of atoning for it. The decrees of God, as set forth in the Confession of Faith and the machinery supposed to be set at work for man's redemption, the very nature and disposition of God,—as taught in the falsely called Pauline, but really Augustinian theology, popularly known as Calvinistic,— must give way."

I think, if I had told you that was an extract from one of my sermons on the subject of evolution, you would not have questioned it; and yet these are literally the words of Mr. Beecher. Leaving them for a moment, let me now try to point out to you just what is going on, and why it is going on.

I. This human race of ours has lived on this old planet at least two hundred thousand years, possibly a good deal longer than that. Until within the last three or four hundred years, substantially the same conception, or some type of the same conception, of this universe has been held by the entire race of man. Do you know the significance of

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that statement? For two hundred thousand years, at least, the world has held some one of the various types of the common conception as to the origin of this world, as to its nature, as to the relation of God to it, as to the relation of God to man. That is, it has been held that this earth was the centre, and the most important of anything in the universe; that it was made by a being outside of it, as much outside of it as the sculptor is outside of the statue that he carves. It has been held that he rules this universe, including man, after the caprice of his own personal will; that the laws of nature were simply impressed on nature from without by him, the creator; that the laws of right and wrong and the commandments of religion were merely utterances through inspired men, in some miraculous way, of his individual will. Might coupled with wisdom, with love and goodness, if you please, coupled also with hate, with caprice, with contradictory and mingled moral characteristics,— might, the might of a being living outside of the universe and outside of man,— created and has dominated the world.

That is the general conception that has been held from the beginning until within very modern times. It was impossible that the world should hold any other, for the simple reason that men had not attained that degree of intelligence, that critical grasp and breadth, they had not made the investigations and discoveries out of which the modern idea has grown. Do you realize how very modern all this is that has come to be so familiar to us? Two hundred thousand years, at least, since man was here, and only within the last three or four hundred has it become common for people to talk about the sun as the centre of our system and the earth as moving around the sun. Copernicus advanced the idea; but it died and faded into obscurity, and nobody paid any attention to it till the genius of Galileo called the thought of the

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leaders of public opinion to it once more, and demanded that they should investigate it. Only since the time of Newton has there been any possible natural explanation of the movement of the heavenly bodies. And only within the last twenty-five years has there come into the possession of the educated people of Europe and America a natural explanation of the processes of creation, as not through with once and for all time, but as going on to-day all about us in precisely the same sense as they have been going on from the beginning of time, provided it ever had a beginning. Darwin is the first man in the history of modern thought to give to us a natural explanation of the movements of forces which are going on all around us and in us, the product of which are the animals and the men we see. Only twenty-three years ago, then, when his book was published, was this thought given to the world.

To one other fact must I call your attention. We have been taught for the last eighteen hundred years, until within forty years at the farthest, and we have had it drilled into our minds and thoughts until it has become a part of our mental training, that, when the word "religion" was used, it meant Christianity; that the reigning system of theology was the only thing deserving the name of religion, and that all the other religions were impostors and conscious deceptions. I remember well when I was studying my little geography at school, as a boy, how, without a word of explanation, Mohammed was always referred to as an impostor, and the other religious founders were spoken of in the same way, as consciously deceiving the people and leading them astray. The religions of the world were all divided into the one true religion, and all the others — false.

What is the significance of this changed attitude of the modern world? It means the grandest revolution that

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human thought has ever conceived. The revolution under Luther was an eddy compared with a torrent, when placed beside it. The advent of Christianity itself was not so profound and far-reaching a change in the history of the world as that through which we are passing to-day. It gives us, as Mr. Beecher has well said, a new conception of the universe, a new conception of God, a new conception of human nature, a new conception of sin, a new conception of morals, a new conception of salvation, a new conception of human destiny. The religious thought that has dominated the world in the past is, in the presence of modern thought, being changed and transformed into something unlike its former self. Until the discoveries of modern science in regard to the antiquity of the world and the antiquity of man; until the discovery of the other religions of the world, showing their remarkable parallelism with ours, and showing a common origin for the great majority of religious beliefs and opinions; until the discovery of natural selection by Mr. Darwin,—it was not possible that this modern changed attitude of the world could be taken or held. And now it is not possible for any intelligent, well-read man, capable of comprehending argument and evidence, not to take and hold this new attitude. The man who does not take it, the man who does not hold it, shows plainly one of two things,—either he does not think, has not studied, or he is not capable of comprehending which of two weights in a balance is the heavier, which ought to go up and which to go down. This, then, is the significance and meaning of this change. It means, as I have said, a change in the entire scheme of the universe, from God at its centre clear out to its farthest imaginable circumference.

II. Now, then, I wish to point out a few of the incident dangers and difficulties connected with so profound a transi-

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tion as this. Progress, as you are well aware, means change. Progress means breaking up the camp where you have been staying for a night, or for a year, or for a century, whichever it may be, and going forward to another position. Every time that any individual or social group — a state, a nation, a church, no matter what it may be — makes a movement like this, there are attendant discomfort, pain, loss. And yet the very pains and sorrows, the discomforts and losses, are necessary incidents in the process of gaining something far outweighing them in value. Take any progressive movement of the world, as, for instance, when steam was first applied to its modern uses, the steamship and railway. There was an immense advance in the interests and welfare of humanity, and yet there was an immense displacement for the time being of labor. It caused disorganization in social and industrial machinery of every kind. There was loss of capital invested in the old methods of doing business, and there was an intense opposition on the part of a great many who were sorely incommoded by the change. They had not the keenness and foresight to see the better thing to come out of it.

A friend told me the other day that, the last time he was in Scotland, he was walking through one of the great mills, when he noticed a lot of antiquated machinery, not at all up to the modern methods. He asked the proprietor why he did not have this changed for something better. "Hush," said the proprietor, "don t speak of that where the workmen will overhear you." That is very suggestive of the way a change like this would be looked upon by many. All those who are familiar with the progress of the world in these matters know how common the riots and disturbances have been which have grown out of the introduction of new machinery and the consequent displacement of labor and the leaving people out of employment. For it did mean that for a little while, until the better condition of things could arrive.

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And so in any religious transition there is the pain of new thought. There is the disturbance of the old-time sentiments and the old feelings. There is the tearing down of vines from the old trellises that are decaying and ready to fall, and it means devastation for the time: it means the breaking off of tendrils, the bruising of leaves and little branches; but it means also a better and grander growth after the transition. Never yet was a field ploughed that the grass and flowers were not destroyed; never yet was a mouse's nest turned up with the plough that the mouse did not feel that these modern methods, which it did not understand, were at least a great inconvenience and trouble to it. And yet these changes come from that in man and in society which is noblest,—from a clearer insight of truth, from a larger determination that the world's life shall be squared so as to accord with the truth, from a thirst for a wider and grander life. It comes with all the pangs, and yet with all the glory, of the new birth.

What, then, are some of the dangers that attend this transition?

1. First there is a great religious danger. You will get an idea of what I mean when I repeat what I have spoken of before, what a gentleman told me in regard to a conversation which he had with people in Italy concerning their religion. He asked one of the priests, "Do you believe all the doctrines that you teach the people?" The priest said: "No: we are wiser than that; but the people believe them, and we do not wish to disturb the people. We think it is necessary to keep them quiet." Then, he asked some of the people, "Do you believe all these doctrines that the priests teach you?" "Oh, no," replied the people: "we know better than to believe such things; but the priests believe it, and we do not care to make any trouble about it." This indicates a con-

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dition of things not only in Italy and France and England, but the condition of things in America. It means danger to the best interests of religion itself for the time. For what is the condition of things in Italy and France? On the one hand, superstition intensifying and heightening the ritual, laying emphasis on these mere external forms. On the other hand, it means outright disbelief in anything, sheer irreligion. And it is the irreligion that is growing the more rapidly of the two. I see no reason why it should not, under the condition of things which this transition we are going through is bringing about. The people of France, Italy, and England, have been taught for ages that there was only one religion, and that that religion was identical with a particular theology and that that theology was recorded in a particular book, and that it was to be interpreted by a particular class of teachers. The people have been taught for ages to identify religion with this, and modern science has taught them at last that no man can longer keep that idea and keep his brains at the same time.

What is the natural result? The flinging away of religion with scorn and contempt, the treating it as a pure piece of superstition, as something maintained simply for the interests of the priesthood who manage the organization and pocket the revenues. If they believe that this is religion and that there is not any other, what else can they do, except to say, "No more religion for me?" You would say the same. I would say the same, if that were the alternative. That is one of the dangers growing out of this transition.

And yet every religion of the world may be destroyed and religion itself not be touched. Any theology of the world may be destroyed and blown to the winds, burst like a soap-bubble in the air, and yet religion itself be entirely unscathed. Remember that the Bible did not create

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religion; the Church did not create religion; no priesthood ever created religion; Jesus himself did not create religion; nor Buddha, nor Mohammed. All the churches, all the priesthoods, all the founders and leaders of the world's thought, are not the root of religion. They are simply the leaves and blossoms on the topmost, outmost boughs of the grand tree of the religious nature of man. Religion created them, not they religion. You might wipe them all out to-day, all the rituals and creeds, and this same eternal religious nature and instinct of man would create other forms of expression to take their places. We need, while going through this transition, to remember what religion is and what it means, and that the destruction of all these things that have been identified with religion so long does not mean the destruction of religion at all.

2. There is another danger attendant on this transition, a moral one, more practically disastrous for the time, in its effects, than that of which I have been speaking. You hear people all over the world to-day discussing the question whether there is any right after all, whether there is any wrong, whether there is any moral principle, whether it is not a mere matter of convention. I had a pamphlet sent to me the other day, containing the address of a gentleman, given before a large body of people during the last summer, in which he takes his conception of morality from the old Latin word from which the name is derived, as meaning custom; and he gives you the impression that morality means nothing more nor less than social custom, that what people agree to approve is all right, and that whatever they agree to disapprove is all right, too, if you can manage to do it without incurring punishment,—that is, that there is no eternal principle of right and wrong. I am convinced that this idea also springs up as the natural product of the thinking of the world in the period through which we are now passing.

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Just as we have been taught in regard to religion, so we have been taught in regard to morals,—that morality was not something inherent in human nature. We have been taught that human nature was utterly corrupt, that nothing so good as morality could come out of it; that the thoughts of man's heart were evil, and only evil continually; that the moral law is simply the will of a despot, the law of the King of the heavens. He issues his commandments, establishes his statutes, and attaches purely arbitrary penalties for disobedience. That is the conception of morality that has been taught for eighteen hundred years. Now, what have people found out?

They have found out that this book containing this supposed moral law, these commandments of God, is only a natural human production. They have begun to question whether God ever said anything to Moses about the ten commandments, whether he ever issued the other commandments; and they say, if he *did not*, then we have nothing to fear from that quarter,—if we can escape human law and punishment, that is all that is necessary. There is no other ultimate in the matter. This is the logical outcome of a morality that depends upon the infallible inspiration of the Bible. If people are taught that, and then find out that the Bible is not infallibly inspired, they naturally suppose that the superstructure must tumble, if the foundation is knocked out. So we are led to face this moral chaos of the time, which springs from a teaching utterly unfounded and untrue.

The Bible did not create morality. The ten commandments are not the origin of its being wrong to steal. Whether God ever appeared to Moses on Mount Sinai or not does not change, by a hair's breadth, the question whether you have a right to lie about and defraud your neighbor. There is not a single moral principle that depends on the truth or the falsity of any religious book, Bible, or teacher.

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Just as I have said about religion, so I say concerning morals. The ten commandments, and all the moral precepts, all the creeds of the world, are the crystallized results of human experience. It is the moral nature of man that creates precepts and moral laws, and not the precepts and laws that create the moral nature. These, again, are only the blossoms and fruits of the grand trunk and root of the essential healthfulness of human nature itself.

What is right? What is wrong? In a word, these questions have been answered by human experience. Just as people have found out that it is not healthy to eat arsenic and that it is healthy to eat bread; as people have found out that certain courses of conduct will produce disease in the body and certain others will produce health; that disease is not a comfortable condition and health is; and they naturally try to avoid one and seek the other. Precisely in the same natural way, we have found out that certain courses of conduct are injurious to the individual, to society, to the race, and that they stand in the way of the health, happiness, welfare, and progress of man. Every healthful soul brands such things as wrong, avoids them himself, and seeks to have others avoid them. That is what wrong means, and that is what right means.

A man asked me the other day, "Since we have given up the old doctrine in regard to the Bible, what do you teach your children in regard to right and wrong,— as to why they should do right, and not wrong?" I have intimated, in what I have already said, my answer. Every man who has ever tried the experiment, from the beginning of the world until to-day, has found out that wrong, in the long run, did not pay. Every society, every race, has found that out. Carried far enough, it means disintegration, destruction. The moral laws, then, are the laws of personal, social, national, or race

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life, arrived at by experience, inhering in human nature itself, and eternal as human nature. We need to remember this also, while we are going through this period of transition, so that we may keep our heart and our hope, and not be disturbed by the fear that the foundations of morality are giving way.

3. There is only one more danger of which I have time to speak, and that is the danger springing very largely out of the two preceding ones,— a danger more common, more pervasive than either of the other two; and that is the danger of paltering with the simple truth of things on the part of churches, of priesthoods, of the clergy, on the part of those interested, and genuinely interested, in the welfare of man. This is a danger so wide-spread and so corrupting that we ought perpetually to keep our eyes open to it, so as to see to it that we are free from it ourselves, and to do what we can to create such an atmosphere of healthful, earnest, honest, truth-seeking that none of this paltering, this playing with words, can live in our neighborhood.

What do I mean? Let me take an illustration from Mr. Beecher's character and career. He tells us in this *North American Review* article, in as plain words as it can possibly be put, that the entire reigning system of theology must give way, if the truth of evolution be accepted. He says he accepts evolution. Then, after making that statement, he says he has not substantially changed his belief in twenty years,— utter, upright, downright, irreconcilable contradiction between those positions. I do not charge Mr. Beecher with any conscious dishonesty. I charge him simply with the disease that is in all the air, and that keeps so many people from speaking out what they think.

There are a great many interests involved that furnish men an excuse for taking this position. Look at the Church of

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England, with its vested interests, its money, its social influence and power, unspoken and yet almost irresistible bribes to a man to do one of two things,—either to keep still, or to twist language so much out of its original meaning that the framer of it would never dream he had had anything to do with it.

What has been the process in regard to this matter? Why, when it was found out that the world was not created inside of six days, men did not say: "Of course it was not: here is the proof. The writer of that book must have made a mistake." They fought for the idea that it was created in six days as long as they could, trying to prove that science was wrong. Next, they turned round and twisted the word "day," with a morning and an evening, till it means anything you want it to mean. They put into the writer of Genesis ideas that for hundreds and thousands of years never had been dreamed of when those words were written, just as in the creeds of theological seminaries they are doing.

I came from Europe two years ago with a bishop, with whom I had long conversations. That bishop to-day would admit me to his Church, and give me orders on the basis of the Thirty-nine Articles, not one of which do I believe, if I would promise to keep still about it and make no disturbance, but walk right on and keep step with the regiment. You can join almost any church in this city, by telling the minister or deacons privately that you do not believe much about the creed, but that it doesn't make much difference after all. If all the men in all the Churches of America who do not believe the creeds, and who therefore have no business to stand on them, were all out, we should suddenly be the largest denomination in Christendom.

These things spring out of the transition time through which we are passing. Ministers and pew-holders are timid.

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They do not like to displease their friends. It is easier to keep still than to fight a battle. These men are also genuinely afraid that somehow the people may be injured, if you tell them the truth too soon and in too large doses. They think that the people are in danger of being blinded by excess of light. So they keep in their churches a perpetual twilight, a "dim religious light," — irreligious I think it is, — in which you can see no outlines distinctly, and in which the Mosaic cosmogony looks very much like Darwinism, and Darwinism very much like the Mosaic cosmogony, and neither like anything in particular. It is a hazy light, in which objects loom indistinctly; and you can never know precisely whether you are perceiving the truth or not. This is the mental and moral condition of Christendom, springing out of this transition epoch. People are waiting to see whether somebody else will not say what they themselves half think, but hardly dare to utter. It is very curious. I meet people and talk with them on some subject that is not quite popular, and I am perfectly conscious all the time that they are fencing with me, guarding themselves. They hint something, but in such a way that they can take it back and make it mean something else, if it seems best. But, when the ice is broken, they show that that is the direction in which they have been feeling their way for years, only they have not quite dared to say so. This is infidelity — and the only dangerous infidelity there is in the world — at the root and at the heart of it. If I believe in God as the law of truth and right and wisdom, governing the course of this universe, or if I believe that right means accord with his laws and methods, then it seems to me that I can trust him to keep the universe balanced and right side up, even if I do tell the truth earlier than any one else. It is a practical unbelief in God, unbelief in his truth, unbelief in the safety

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of telling the truth, that is at the heart of this condition of things; and so, when men tell me that I am an infidel, and they occupy the position of shutting their eyes lest they see something not safe to be told, I fling back the charge in their teeth,—"You are the infidels of the nineteenth century yourselves,—unfaithful to God, to light, to truth, to the last and highest truth revealed to man."

To just one thing more will I ask your attention. This great, dangerous, troublesome transition may become progressive readjustment in the future history of the world, if only men are wise. The flood is produced only when you dam up a rapid running current, until the barrier can hold it no more, and gives way with the strain behind it; and it is swept away, and damage and disaster and devastation follow. But the smooth running stream only brings life and verdure with its flow. If men could only get clearly in their minds the true conception of religion, if they could remember that God and the universe are infinite, if they could remember that we are finite, if they could remember that a grander conception of things and every advance and increase of life mean a new adjustment to the new conception of the universe, then, instead of their advancing up to a certain point, hardening there, and trying to stay there forever, there would simply be perpetual and gradual growth, perpetual unfolding, ever new adjustments between the thought, life, and sentiments of man and the newer and grander unfolding of the infinite and eternal Truth.

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THE REIGN OF THE DEAD.

THE dominance of the dead world over the living one; the good and the evil of it; its influence on human progress; the extent to which and the methods by which we may modify this dominance and assert our own living power to-day,—these are the thoughts around which I shall group such suggestions as I have to offer you this morning.

There is a cloud in the sky over our heads to-day. That cloud is of a definite size and density, containing a definite amount of moisture. It is held in its position just where it is by a peculiar and precise condition of the atmosphere, and made in all its parts to be just precisely what it is, and not something else, by the preceding forces that have wrought upon it and the conditions that surround it.

In order that this cloud should be smaller or larger by a hand-breadth, in order that it should be rarer or denser in the slightest degree, in order that it should contain one drop more or less of moisture, in order that it should be swayed from the precise place it occupies by the distance of an inch, in order that it should be in any respect other than it precisely is, we should have to suppose a change in the past order of things, extending through last night, through yesterday, through last week, last year, the last century, the last millennium, clear on to the time when our earth as a ring of cosmic vapor was flung off from its parent globe, the sun. If anywhere along this line of cause and effect, from

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any supposed beginning until to-day, there had been the slightest shadow of a shade of variation, that would have been felt in the position and character of this cloud this morning. So true is it in regard to any one little phase of the phenomena of nature, that it is made what it is by the dead past that preceded it and has now passed away.

Let us leave our cloud now, and come to something more substantial. Take this globe on which we live,—its mountains, its valleys, its cascades, its watercourses, its plains, its uplands, all are the result in their totality of the forces and movements that now are a part of the dead world of the past. This dead world with its sculptor hand, as the sculptor himself forms his model in clay, has shaped for us the mountains; the hand of this dead past has scooped out the valleys; the finger of this dead past has marked out the track of the rivers. It is this dead past that has laid its impress upon every feature of the world as it exists to-day. And when we leave the globe itself, and come to the existence of man, although the apparent results are so large, infinite, complex, and confusing, still we cannot let slip from our grasp this thread of cause and effect which alone is the clew to any rational interpretation of the universe. Following this thread of reasoning, we are compelled to say of ourselves that we have been created, moulded, by the world that is dead. When I think to what an extent this is true, when I face the fact in all its apparently irresistible consequences, I confess that I am almost appalled, and made to feel that I am only as a straw or a chip cast upon and swept along by a resistless current that takes away all my liberty, all my power to modify my conditions, and that makes me a helpless plaything in the hands of that old world that, lying in its grave, still holds and shapes all the currents of my vital and throbbing existence.

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Consider for a moment where we are led when we enter this path. Take your case and mine,—how much have we had to do with making us what we are? How much have even the living forces of the world around us had to do, as compared with those forces that now belong to the past? Consider the difference between being born in this nineteenth century and being born in the Middle Ages, or in ancient Rome, or in ancient Babylon; yet neither you nor I chose as to the period of human history in which we would live and play our little part. The dead world decided it for us. Consider the question of where we should be born,—here in Boston, in America, in England, in China, in Central Africa, in one of the islands of the sea,—and our whole destiny is practically decided by the decision of that one question; yet concerning it neither you nor I had any choice. Then, again, as to the immediate surroundings of our life, whether we should be born of rich parents or poor, whether we should be born of parents intelligent or ignorant, whether they should appreciate the value of training and education or not, whether we should be born in some fine section of a beautiful city or in the slums and outcast regions of a town, whether we should be born of Christian parents or pagan, in evangelical or liberal circles, whether we should be trained to use our reason or bow before the sayings of tradition and inherited opinions,—all these questions are determined not by our choice at all, but by the dead world of the past; and we, so far as these things are concerned, are made, shaped, moulded, guided by this dead world still; for in no one of these particulars have we escaped, even if we have desired to, the influence of that past. It is living and vitally at work in us to-day, and will be to all coming time.

What tremendous truth there is in this one idea is evident,

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if you consider the inherited endowments with which we started,— whether we should have physical stamina enough to play our part on the stage of the world, or whether, crippled, disabled, enfeebled from the start, we should be placed at life-long disadvantage in the struggle. How important a matter concerning our destiny is this! But, beyond that still, the very fibre of our brain, the mental ability with which we start as our capital in life, the very make-up of those particles that are so intimately linked with all the processes of thought, the mechanism through which thought becomes possible and by means of which it displays itself, the quality of that thought, its original coherence and power,— with all this, you and I had nothing to do. This marvellous and delicate mechanism is an inheritance bequeathed to us by the dead hand of the past. And not only that, but the fibres of our emotional nature,— the moral tendencies under the control of which we are flung into the midst of the great seething, moving world of human life; our tastes, our feelings, our sympathies, and our sentiments,— whether they shall lead us toward the light, the glad, the beautiful, or whether they shall weigh upon all that is fine and noble in us, and slowly drag us down to lower moral levels,— all these neither you nor I created: they are the gifts of this same past.

I might go on and specify and particularize every department of our nature, from the highest to the lowest, from centre to circumference; and, concerning all, this same thing would be true. But I have time only to hint to you the consequences of these ideas, so far as the personality of each one of us is concerned.

We are not only born without our choice into this century, into this country, into certain social circles, but we are born with an inheritance of certain religious and political thoughts

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and mental ideas. We are placed in the midst of a society, endowed after the same strange and mysterious fashion, controlled by those same forces that have their roots in the world that is dead. We come into the midst of these social forces and movements, which are the sum total of the individual forces that each one of us represents; and we have to face the fact that society dominates us still through its traditions, through its inherited sentiments, through its institutions that have come down from the ages that have preceded us, through its laws, through its literatures, through its religious ideas, through its political ideals, through its monuments, through its inherited customs and creeds, and through its tendencies of every kind. How many of us are free from this? Not one.

I wish to point out the consequences of this in two or three directions. Take it, for example, in reference to our political ideals. Is it not perfectly natural that, with few exceptions which by a little study could be easily explained, every man born in America should believe in the democratic idea,—individual liberty, and the government not the ruler, but the servant? But is there any originality about this? Did you or I create this thought? Can we carry it about with us as a possession that we have made ourselves or invented? Has it not come to us as a political tradition, a political inheritance from the past? Is it not probably true that, if we had been born in England, we should have been just as firm believers in the British Constitution? or, if in Russia, that we should have been imbued with the idea that the ordinary Russian has inherited, and that he takes from his surroundings to-day?

When we leave this general and broader view of the subject, we come to principles nearer home. Next Tuesday, we shall vote, the most of us, either the Republican or the Dem-

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ocratic ticket. Of how many men in Boston is it true that they will vote from an intelligent conviction, the result of a careful study of principles and of men, of their origin, their present effect on society, and their tendencies as they reach out toward the future? How many men will do this? Not one in a thousand. Most of us have inherited our political ideals as we have inherited the color of our hair, and we have no more merit in the one case than we have in the other. And so, in nine cases out of ten, it will be the dead world of the past, through its tradition, through its inherited and transmitted prejudices and prepossessions, that will affect the Democratic or Republican vote, and determine the destiny of Massachusetts for another year.

Precisely the same thing is true when we leave politics and come to our social life. There prevails in a city like Boston a certain tone of public habit or custom dominated by questions of taste, propriety, fitness of things; but yet have you and I or any of the living people in Boston to-day had much to say about it? Have we reasoned out this custom, and decided to follow it or not according as it seemed to us rational, or to conduce to the happiness and welfare of our citizens? Is it not true that in almost all these cases we are mere automatons played upon by the forces of the past and by the influences of the present? And this influence of the present world, the influence which determines my conduct in some part, that, too, was inherited, so that it is not an influence of the living world simply, but the result of a dead world that is gone. So, with any of these questions, we are very much like puppets moved by wires or machinery out of sight under the stage, although we seem to be acting out the original and individual impulses of our nature. This goes to such an extent as sometimes to be a positive evil. We become so much the plaything of these great forces

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as to lose the very possibility of asserting our individuality, even when something more than a custom or habit is at stake.

Not only is this true in society, it is true again in the realm of religion. We sometimes pride ourselves on our liberality, our freedom from superstition, that we have at last broken the anklets that bind the majority of men, and prevent them from keeping step in any intelligent forward march of civilization. We pride ourselves on the fact that we have broken off the chains that bind so many wrists, and that we are free to use our hands as we will. We pride ourselves that the shackles, more subtle, invisible, and intangible, but not less real than as though they were wrought of steel, which bind the movements of our thoughts, are gone, and that we at last stand free. And yet I am not quite so certain that we have any special reason to pride ourselves concerning these matters. When I think of it carefully, I feel humbled rather by the thought, and moved with pity and compassion toward those still chained, rather than lifted with pride by the thought that I have been set free. For who set us free? In ninety-nine cases in a hundred, it is not by the individual struggle that this great revolution has been wrought. Some one man, some one epoch, fights a grand battle for freedom, and there come to all after ages the grand accumulated results of that conflict and that trial.

Most of us have inherited our liberal opinions quite as truly as the orthodox have inherited their narrower ones; and we may not be entitled to claim one single particle more of merit for simply taking what was offered us than they for taking what was offered them. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule; but this is the general rule, after all.

We inherit our political ideals, our social ideals, our religious ideals. We are the recipients of impulses from the dead

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world, which propel us this way or that; but the great majority of men never wake up to enough of individuality to become a propulsive power on their own part, to help on and change the direction of opinions.

When I look at this whole question and see how general and how rigid is this dominance of the dead world over the living, I am, I repeat, appalled; and I ask myself whether anything like individual freedom be not a delusion and a phantasy.

I stand on the banks of a river like the Mississippi, and see its mighty current flowing by; and I know concerning each individual drop that makes up the collective stream that it is wholly in the hands of the forces that impel it, that it is the result of all that preceded: in its chemical constituents, in all that gives it individuality, it is the result of the headwaters, the conditions of the atmosphere, the soils through which the river has run, the forces that have made it what it is. May we not feel, after all, that the same thing is true concerning the matter of our individual freedom? Are we not, you and I, only drops in the current that sweeps us on in spite of ourselves, and that makes us in every respect what we are?

There are two great forces, two great laws, that between themselves hold in their hands the question of human progress. You are aware that there are two antagonistic forces in perpetual warfare, the resultant of which is the order of the heavens above us. It is equally true that there are two forces in perpetual conflict, and that the outcome of them, the resultant of these two forces, is what we mean by human progress,— everything that is grand and good in the advancement of the world. The force of which I have been speaking, although I have not given it a name, except the reign of the dead world, is nothing more nor less than what sci-

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ence has called the law of heredity, a law that touches everything and holds everything in its grasp.

But science has also taught us to recognize another law,— the law of variation,— the tendency perpetually on the part of every flower, every shrub, every tree, every animal, every man, every society, nation, country, to put out a new twig, to grow a kind of leaf that never grew before, to vary somewhere in the manifestations of this great fluent, outreaching, onreaching life.

And here, as we face this other power and consider its influence on the effects of the law of heredity, we are released from the burden of feeling that we are simply playthings in the hands of a past order. We are in one sense free. This is at least true: you and I, societies, churches, nations, feel an aspiration toward something better than the past ever saw or than the present has realized. Perpetually do we feel the impulse toward this ideal of something broader, fairer, nobler; perpetually do we see the figure of this ideal, like an angel in the clouds, standing beckoning to us and saying, "Come up higher." And we feel that, no matter whether the impulse that makes it possible has come from the past or not,— we feel that it *is* possible for us to arouse ourselves, and react upon these forces that are perpetually acting upon us. It is possible for us to modify the surroundings that all the time are at work modifying us. It is possible to make our home different from what it was when we entered it, better than it was. It is possible for us to make our education something better than that which we received from the transmitting hands of the dead past. It is possible for us to improve our surroundings. It is possible for us to make the city of Boston cleaner, nobler, purer than it was or is to-day. It is possible for us to modify and mould our national life, to infuse it with a new spirit and give it grander aspirations,

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and lift it up higher and make it a power to lift up and lead on the life of the world.

Here, then, is this antagonistic power that we call the law of variation. Now, I wish to illustrate in two or three ways how we must treat this tendency to vary, if we are to make it productive of the grandest results. What shall we do with this law of variation?

In the first place, we must remember a very simple fact: we must remember that, if individuals or churches or societies or nations ever become any better, they must become so through a process of change; and it is this process of change that the whole weight of the dead world, the whole power of heredity, the power of custom, of tradition, tends to repress and make impossible.

Take China, for example. Attempt to introduce a change there, and it means revolution. It has been the same for a thousand years, two thousand. Go to the far East, look at an Arab sheik to-day at the head of his tribe, and you will see Abraham, to all outward appearance, in manner, costume, and everything that makes up external uniformity.

The mighty tendency is everywhere to keep the same; and it is only in the modern world, only in a few exceptional nations, exceptional religions, that anything like variation is permitted, because the past has become consecrated as the expression of the divine perfection, and it is impious to change it. If a Chinaman who comes to this country permits his hair to be cut off and dresses like an American, he is alienated from his country, from his religion, from his heaven. Such, in extreme cases, becomes this law that represses everything like change.

If a gardener wishes to prevent any change in a plant, he can do it with his pruning-knife, cutting and clipping here and there, repressing every tendency to become other than

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that into which he wishes to shape it. So power can repress a nation, a society, a church, and keep it to its type for a millennium. You remember the story of the Spanish king A brother king, who had trouble in his dominions from restless persons disturbing order and trying to change things and make them a little better, sent to this Spanish king, and asked him how he should keep his nation quiet. Saying nothing, the king took the ambassador into the garden. As they walked along, the king with his cane struck off the heads of all the flowers and grasses of every kind that had dared to become a little higher than the ordinary level. "Go home," said he to the ambassador, "and tell your master what you have seen me do." His message meant the clipping off of the heads of all who dared to rise above the level of ordinary life or to attempt to change their surroundings.

Do you know how strong this tendency is in us? If we should see a man walking down Washington Street without a hat, we should think he was insane, for the simple reason that he did not look like other people and had dared to do something that was peculiar. Or, if you saw any one in an odd costume, you would think the same, so natural is the tendency to oppose anything that is new. This power of custom, of tradition, would dress everybody in uniform; and, if it only dressed the bodies in uniform, perhaps we might have no fault to find; but the tendency is to dress the brains in uniform as well, and to repress in everybody any individuality of thought, speculation, or utterance.

To a certain extent, this tendency is healthful. Any new thought, any new custom, any new idea, ought to prove itself right before it can claim the right to be. Still, there must be a certain toleration of new ideas, customs, methods cultivated in us, in order that we may permit the new idea to

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live long enough to put itself to the test. So much of tolerance for new customs and ways we must teach ourselves to manifest. We must give new thoughts, new ideas, new plans in every department of life an opportunity to show whether they are right or wrong. We talk glibly about new-fangled notions, as though they were always nonsense; and the chances are, I grant, that they are. But, if the world ever gets any new ideas, if the world ever makes any progress, it will be made through new-fangled ideas that are not nonsense; and, if they are not allowed to lead the world, the world is by so much the loser.

In order to do this we must do one very hard thing,—hard to the most of us. We must learn to keep our thought fluent and flexible, capable of change. It seems as though most men's brains were like the plaster that the sculptor uses in moulding his model, very flexible as he prepares it, but in just a little while dry and caked and hard. You can do nothing with it. It breaks at once into fragments. It will take no new impression. So we treat our minds, fluent and flexible for a little while; but, by and by, we run our brains into the mould of a certain political, social, religious ideal, and then it is absolutely worthless for taking a new impression. We cannot even do with it as they do with their stereotyped plates in a printer's office,—melt them over and run them into new forms,—for they seem to be incapable of melting.

Look around, and you will find this to be true: it is generally those people that know the least who are the most positive, and who have the most fixed set of opinions. It is perfectly natural that this should be so. It takes a wise man to learn that there are many sides to every question, and that only a few of us have time to walk all around and see them in all their bearings. It takes a vast deal of control for a man to keep his mind poised like scales, ready to

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go up or down according to the weight of evidence. Most men must have an opinion. Fling a new thought into the mind of any man, and it is like flinging a pebble into a lake. It raises a wave, a little disturbance, and it is a long time before it is calm; but the tendency is always for the water to seek its calm and quiet, and the shallower your pool, the quicker it will quiet down after any disturbance. The shallower a man's brain, the quicker he will make up his mind on any great question. We must learn then, if we wish to recognize the changes that must come with progress, how to train our minds to be fluent, and to wait. We must have fixed opinions about only one class of things. You have no right to a fixed opinion concerning anything which is not demonstrated as true. Concerning all other questions in the world, it is your duty to hold your mind fluent and ready to accept and amalgamate itself with any new considerations that may be presented.

There is just one other thing we must do, if we would help on the world's progress in this direction: we must train ourselves to be masters of the sentimental side of our natures. Do you know that these sentiments of ours,—noble, grand, sweet, making all the poetry and the tender memories of our souls,—these are the strongest holds of this principle of heredity in us, and the last ones to give way, when there should be a forward movement of the individual or the race. A thousand people are convinced individually that they ought to do so and so, and that such and such things are true; and yet they are bound to the past by tender living memories and precious sentiments that have gathered around their old ideas. All this is sweet and beautiful: only, it is treason to human welfare to allow its sentiments to stand in the way of that which is better and higher; and we shall be helped in this matter, if we remember wherein resides

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the power of sentiment. Sentiment is no evidence. Sentiment is no argument, has no logic about it. It does not depend at all upon any question of truth even. What does it mean? Look at a concrete example: you learn to love a certain old home,— not because it was better than others, but because it was yours, and one that you became accustomed to: that is all. I have at home two or three old books that would sell for almost nothing at any store in town, and yet there is no book in Boston precious enough so that I would take it in exchange. But it is not a matter of intrinsic value: it is an invisible and intangible sentiment, a sentiment that no one but myself would recognize that makes these books of such priceless value to me. I speak of this only to illustrate that sentiment means memory, association, time. Of course, then, is it not perfectly apparent that you can have no sentiment concerning a new truth, though it be ten thousand times grander than the old one, any more than you can have ivy growing around a new church which has been finished only a week? It takes time, it means association, a gathering and clustering of precious memories.

But remember that these sentiments can group themselves, if you only give them time, about new truth as well as the old. But, remembering this, remember also that you have no right to bind yourself so securely to the past by these tender ties of sentiment that your movements shall be crippled, and it shall be impossible for you to lead on the old to something grander and better.

We must then have enough of tolerance and power over our thinking, of power over our feeling, to recognize the fact that the old can grow and progress only through change. We must recognize every new growth as tentative; must give it an opportunity to manifest itself, to show what it is, repress it only when proved valueless, encourage and tend and develop it when it shows itself worthy.

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And thus, by combining with this great law of heredity an intelligent treatment of this equally powerful tendency to variation, we shall then balance the sceptre of the old by the equal sceptre of the living new; and, under the guidance of this double reign, we, like planets pulled by centripetal and centrifugal forces in opposite directions, shall describe a course of glowing, shining progress in all future time.

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